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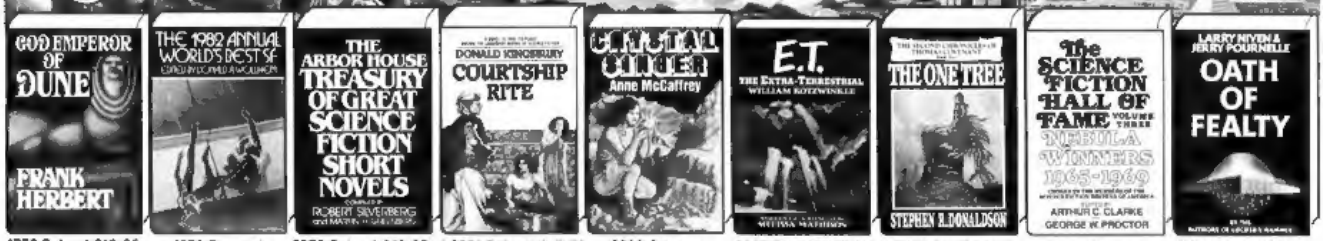

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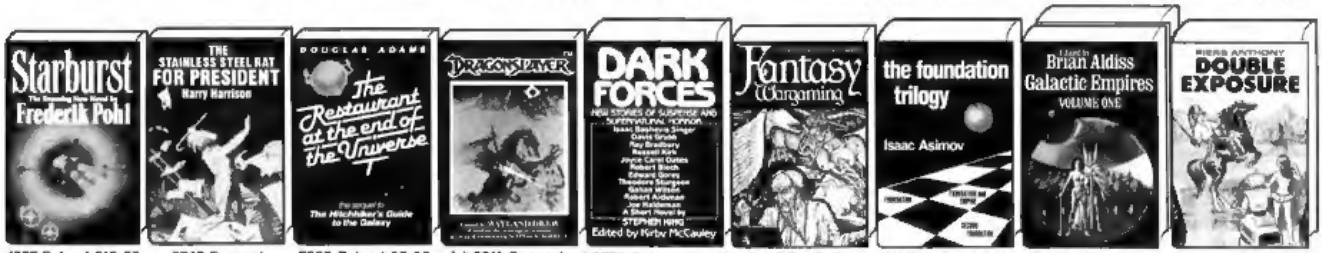

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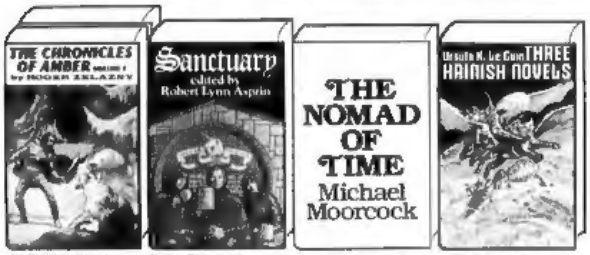

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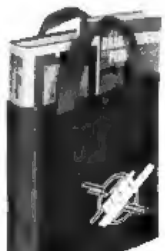

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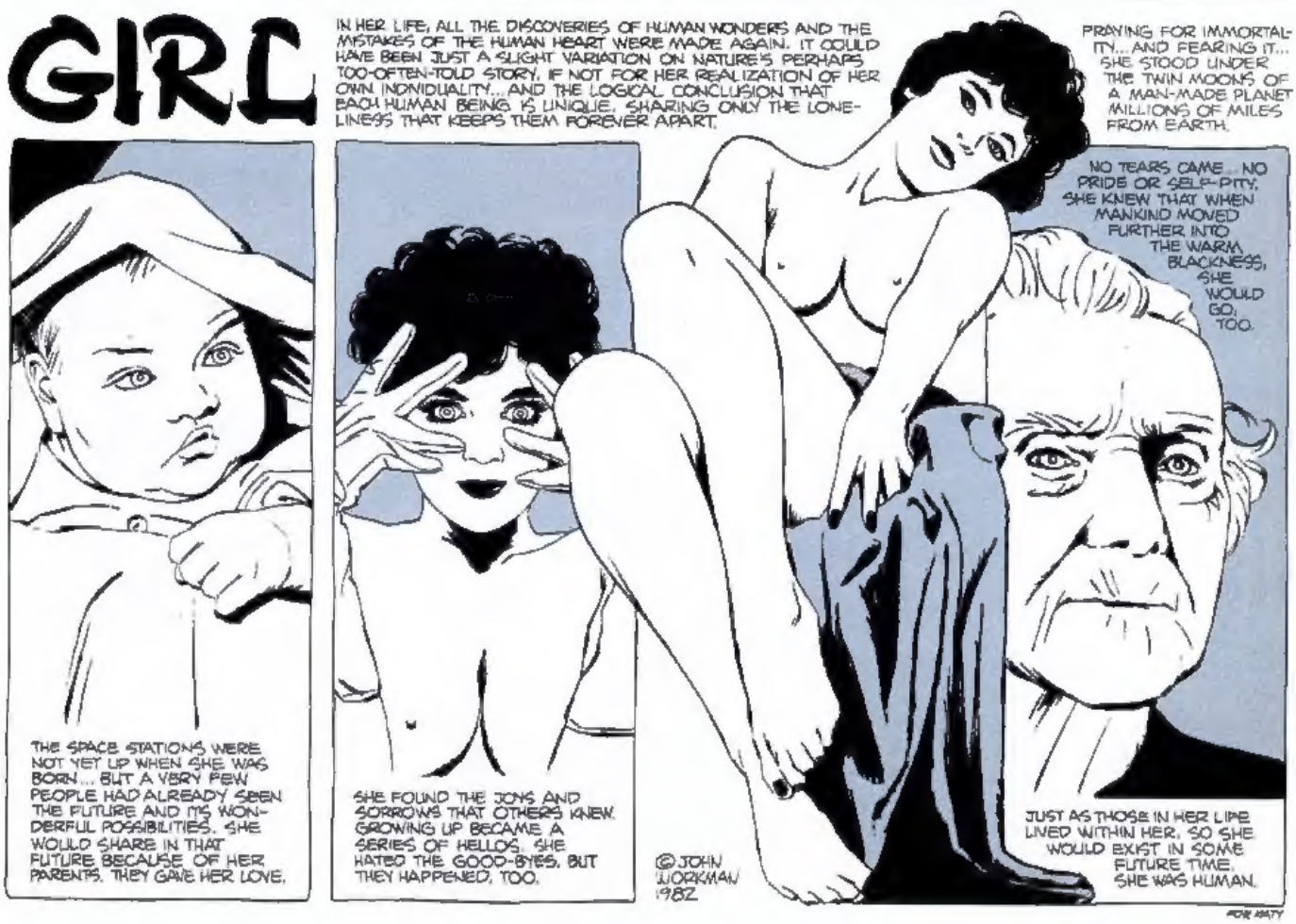
Billy Likes Naked Girls

Why Billy likes naked girls, is not really what this piece is all about. But, if one is to edit a magazine like *Heavy Metal*, one must confront the facts. Boys like girls with no clothes on. And, for that matter, girls like boys scantily clad, too. But, since our readership is 95% male, the latter, unfortunately, does not often pertain to the situation at hand. Now, how does a woman, a practicing feminist, feed this wanton hunger, without compromising her own beliefs? It's not easy. There's got to be a happy medium somewhere.

The fantasy aspect is what we're pushing here, but if what most of you want is bare limbs, then we'll give you that, too. In this issue, for instance, we have the second episode of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem." After his last series, "Valentina" (which began in the Dec. '80 *HM*), readers wrote in from all over the globe demanding more of his stuff. "Boy, he sure knows how to draw great asses," is one quote that comes to mind. After a worldwide search, utilizing the cunning wiles of thousands of our staff members (who were all on payroll, we might add), *HM* happened upon the enclosed strip. We loved it. But "Wait," the staffets wailed, "there's no t & a! You can't have Crepax without lotsa t & a."

Hmmmm. We thought about it. And we thought. And we thought. And we decided it was okay. This strip is so sexy with the forties tone, and the political intrigue *and* the "great asses," that at worst, you're turned on just a bit. You see, Billy does like naked girls, but he likes this strip, too.

—Julie Simmons-Lynch


GIRL
IN HER LIFE, ALL THE DISCOVERIES OF HUMAN WONDERS AND THE MISTAKES OF THE HUMAN HEART WERE MADE AGAIN. IT COULD HAVE BEEN JUST A SLIGHT VARIATION ON NATURE'S PERHAPS TOO-OFTEN-TOLD STORY, IF NOT FOR HER REALIZATION OF HER OWN INDIVIDUALITY... AND THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION THAT EACH HUMAN BEING IS UNIQUE, SHARING ONLY THE LONELINESS THAT KEEPS THEM FOREVER APART.
PRAYING FOR IMMORTALITY... AND FEARING IT... SHE STOOD UNDER THE TWIN MOONS OF A MAN-MADE PLANET MILLIONS OF MILES FROM EARTH.
NO TEARS CAME... NO PRIDE OR SELF-PITY. SHE KNEW THAT WHEN MANKIND MOVED FURTHER INTO THE WARM BLACKNESS, SHE WOULD GO, TOO.
THE SPACE STATIONS WERE NOT YET UP WHEN SHE WAS BORN... BUT A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAD ALREADY SEEN THE FUTURE AND ITS WONDERFUL POSSIBILITIES. SHE WOULD SHARE IN THAT FUTURE BECAUSE OF HER PARENTS. THEY GAVE HER LOVE.
SHE FOUND THE JOYS AND SORROWS THAT OTHERS KNEW. GROWING UP BECAME A SERIES OF HELLOS. SHE HATED THE GOOD-BYES, BUT THEY HAPPENED, TOO.
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JUST AS THOSE IN HER LIFE LIVED WITHIN HER, SO SHE WOULD EXIST IN SOME FUTURE TIME. SHE WAS HUMAN.

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DOSSIER

NUVINYL: Fossil Fools

Conventional wisdom has it that rock 'n' roll is a young man's game. Fish-farts, of course, as a look at the age stats of any current stadium/arena-filling woolly mammoth will tell you. While post-adolescent body chemistry might perhaps fuel its ignition, the will to rock now seems less one age group's acne-like cultural outbreak, than the natural rhythm and blues of all generations born since the Second World War.

The Who's Peter Townshend said (in an excellent two-part *Musician* Magazine interview last summer) that "rock doesn't have an established, dignified way to absorb its heroes into old age"—but that's only part of the story. More precisely, it's a person's attitude toward aging that matters, rather than any simple bit of role-wilderness trailblazing, and whether the artist (or listener, for that matter) presumes maturity brings with it a petrifaction of tastes. ("Now that I'm an adult, I *know* what I like!"—and how many baby-boomers do you know most comfortable with music of their high school/college years?) Yeah, old Pete's the guy who once wrote, "Hope I die before I get old," and in a sense his wish came true. As much as I like(d) the Who (and admire Townshend's personal courage and insight), the band hasn't done anything of real interest in more than a decade. Have they simply run out of ideas? (Not unheard of.) Their last half-dozen albums have consistently failed to engage my fickle attention for more than a week, and the few memorable moments seem easily attributable to nostalgic knee-jerks. Bringing me (reluctantly) to **The Who**'s fifteenth and latest, ***It's Hard*** (Warner Bros.). Actually, it ain't bad (also thought that about last year's *Face Dances* while reviewing it, and haven't listened to it since). While the title cut's their best tune since 1978's "Who Are You" (itself their first good one in years), it also points up the band's essential dilemma: they're at their best *and* their worst when new songs actively summon up the ghosts of old ones, which (yeah) is trading on cheap nostalgia, but it's also (yeah!) the only time their juices get flowing. It's a dilemma Townshend's painfully aware of, and he damn well knows he can't win, either. Maybe the band's announced vacation will help.

The Who: get these guys some wheelchairs!

Lou Reed's got something of the same problem. His solo career has always seemed a shabby TV-movie remake of his Velvet Underground years, full of embarrassing miscasting and unconvincing melodrama (with Lou as the Beaver). Until ***The Blue Mask*** (RCA) that is, the Rock 'n' Roll Animal's first post-Velvet rock-filler that doesn't sound like it was recorded at gunpoint. Of course, it wouldn't be a true L.R. album without a selection of twilight zoney numbers where Lou's Nixonian seriousness is matched only by the songs' bland imbecility, begging a Memorex-test question about the singer/writer's true intentions. On *The Blue Mask*, however, forceful emotional conviction (at last!) knifes through it all like an ice-cold, Rod Serling voice-over bursting into hysteria. Good show, Lou. What happened?

"Last year's return of Robert Wyatt nearly made 1981 worth living through."

Both **Bill Nelson** and Peter Gabriel abandoned their respective ascendant star-vehicles (Be-Bop Deluxe and Genesis) just before becoming consumed in the fire. Undoubtedly, it was the best move both of them ever made. Nelson's double-LP ***The Love That Whirls (Diary of a Thinking Heart)*** (PVC-Jem)—his first stateside release in more than three years—shows just how much he's grown since his always-stretching-seldom-reaching Be-Bop days. He's honed his vision along with his band (now a self-contained solo, for the most part), and softened the formerly-frequent brittle edges with skin-smooth sensuality and soaring romanticism. That along with a charming new flirtation with melodic orientalisms all add up to a record of warmth, humanity, and sublime surprise—one of my favorites of the year (also recommended: the subsequent ***Flaming Desire and Other Passions*** mini-LP).

Mr. Gabriel, I presume?

Peter Gabriel's quartet of post-progressive solo excursions have described a rainbow arc of personal growth. This year's model, called—like all the rest, ***Peter Gabriel*** (Gaffen), sinks the crooner/composer/ethnologist cortex-deep in a Jon Hassell-influenced, viscerally proto-rock soup. Like some recent Talking Heads stuff, Gabriel occasionally takes his black-like-me third-worldisms a bit too seriously, but the sure-handed sculpting of sound and breathtaking rhythmic tumbling easily compensate.

Import of the Month

Last year's return of **Robert Wyatt** to the recording studio nearly made 1981 worth living through. Original drummer with the pioneering Soft Machine and later Matching Mole (hint: look it up in a frog dictionary), Wyatt fell from a window in 1972 and has been confined to a wheelchair since. Other than his post-accident *Rock Bottom* (which is, as far as I'm concerned, one of the best fucking albums ever recorded), the more elusive *Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard* (both available on an import Virgin double-pack), and some guest shots on other people's sessions, Wyatt's been pretty much on the sidelines for the better part of a decade. ***Nothing Can Stop Us*** (Rough Trade U.K.) collects his past year's singles, and while lacking an LP's unity, it's a great hunk of plastic. Released subsequently is the best single of the bunch, "Shipbuilding"/"Memories of You" (the former an Elvis Costello number, the latter by Eubie Blake). His cracked choirboy voice does it to me every time. (Write: Rough Trade, 326 6th Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)

Has-been Platters I Could Only Get through Once . . .

H_2O, Hall and Oates (RCA); *Utopia* (Network); *Winds of Change*, Jefferson Starship; *The Nightfly*, Donald Fagen (Warner Bros.); *Zipper Catches Skin*, Alice Cooper (Warner Bros.); *The Lords of the New Church* (IRS); *Night and Day*, Joe Jackson (A&M); *Talking Back to the Night*, Steve Winwood (Island).

Some I Couldn't Bear to Listen to . . .

Get Closer, Linda Ronstadt (Asylum); *The Perfect Stranger*, Jesse Colin Young (Elektra); *I Can't Stand Still*, Don Henley (Asylum); *No Fun Aloud*, Glenn Frey (Asylum); and, of course, *Eagles Greatest Hits Volume II* (Asylum). I don't think anything I would have to say about these porkers would be worth the pain of having to listen to them.

—Lou Stathis

RAVEYARD

"Enter the Valley of Video at your own risk."

After live audiences of 60,000 in Shea Stadium or 500,000 in Central Park, what does a rock megastar do for an encore? They track their dinosaur bones into the Valley of Video and syndicate concert performance "fanzine videos" for international consumption.

Remember the flickering laser light effects, pyrotechnics, and Linda McCartney's shall-we-say "scintillating" synthesizer playing on the 1977 "Wings Over America" tour? ***Rockshow*** (Thorn-EMI), an energetic, but uneven record of the **Paul McCartney and Wings** tour, gives you the opportunity to recapture the moment, including a nerve-grabbing acoustic "Yesterday," but at a whopping $79.95. Go for the stereo videodisc if you can (Pioneer Artists, RCA Selectavision VideoDisc).

Simon and Garfunkel: The Concert in the Park (CBS Video Enterprises) reunites the superstars in a classic library video, directed with style and taste by Michael Lindsay-Hogg (*Let It Be*), who manages to create kineticism from Art and Paul's swaying and smiling. All the S&G hits appear, and Garfunkel brings his sugary vocals to some of Simon's solo hits as well. Event music-video at its best.

Deadheads in Radio City Music Hall? Strange surroundings for the concert video ***Grateful Dead Dead Ahead*** (Warner Home Video). But weirder still, is that both the Dead and their audience seem to ignore the plush, incongruous environment, and plow ahead into a musical trance. Predictable and petrified, and please beware the lame appearance of former "Saturday Night Live" buffoons Franken and Davis.

The confrontation between rock and reds breathes through ***To Russia With Elton*** (RCA Selectavision VideoDisc) a curiously captivating documentary of **Elton John**'s 1979, two-man tour of Russia. Performing with madman percussionist Ray Cooper, Elton's piano virtuosity and tunesmanship shine, but unfortunately the audio is a bit creaky. (It's one of the earliest home videos, and it probably was sabotaged by the blue-suited KGB types who populate the exit doors of the concert hall.) Detente rock.

Enter the Valley of Video at your own risk. Most of the time, it's a place where only fans dare to tread.

—Alan Hecht

POP POOP

At one point, my situation went from bad to worse. I was really down for a few years—went to a mental hospital, was unemployed, laughed at, and for all intent and purposes was washed out in the industry—though I was too stubborn to quit.

"The Stooges' innovative blend of psychedelic drone and metallic power rock never really propelled Iggy to his desired stardom—the group finally disintegrated in an orgy of drug abuse."

So writes **Iggy Pop**, the howling dynamo who fronted the mythic, nihilistic Stooges (1967-71), and introduced an arsenal of unconventional stage props like peanut butter and broken glass. The Stooges' innovative blend of psychedelic drone and metallic power rock never really propelled Iggy to his desired stardom—the group finally disintegrated in an orgy of drug abuse following 1973's classic *Raw Power* LP, the first of many touted "comebacks"—but Mr. Pop's unrestrained exhibitionism secured his personal status in rock history. Like a punch drunk fighter who always manages to stagger to his feet just before the ten-count, Iggy's career history has a fascinating undercurrent of masochistic determination—and now he's weighing in with a coffee-table book of recollections, ***I Need More*** (Karz-Cohl), and a new LP, ***Zombie Birdhouse*** (Animal/Chrysalis).

Iggy in action: just another exhibitionistic asshole?

photograph by **Bernard Gilson**

The tellingly titled *I Need More* is less an organized autobiography, than a random sampling of tape-recorded anecdotes that fully captures Iggy's distinctive Midwestern patois. Profusely illustrated, the text traces his love/hate affair with band members, the music industry, and society, but cops out miserably on the motivations behind his legendary behavior. As such, *I Need More* is woefully incomplete, and its serious lack of name-dropping and kiss-and-tell render it inconsequential to all but the truly cultist.

Pop's latest platter, *Zombie Birdhouse*, is far more intriguing—an adventurously uneven melange of rock, ballads, avant-tribal rhythmics and cowboy crooning. With a sympathetic new label and producer Chris (Blondie) Stein, Iggy has cracked the gotta-getta-hit mentality that made last year's Tommy (Monkees) Boyce-produced *Party* such a pooper. Contrast the growling heavy metal parody of "Bulldozer" with the languorous, Enoesque guitar balladry of "Platonic," and you'll discover a performer who refuses to pander to expectations. For better or worse, Iggy Pop is stretching his skills as a songwriter and singer, hoping we'll recognize the sincerity of his "Horse Song" lyric: "I think you noticed that I don't want to be a bad guy anymore."

—David Keeps

Identify this man and win an autographed picture of Mick Taylor.

BRIAN WHO?

Given the fact that over 50 percent of all Rolling Stones fans have no idea who Brian Jones was, one must at least appreciate the retrogressive sentiments behind such a book as **Mandy Aftel's *Death of a Rolling Stone: The Brian Jones Story*** (Delilah). However, the minimal factual content, and the reliance on third-hand hindsight, immensely decreases whatever value such a book might have had. In short, anyone who was a Stones fan during Jones's tenure with the group ('62–'69) is almost certainly aware of most of the data presented here, and as far as any conclusions the author comes to, they don't hold up particularly well—even to the facts as she presents them. In the words of former Stones' manager/producer, impresario Andrew Loog Oldham, what we have here is "just another fairytale."

The book's angle is the author's specialty—the psychotherapy of artists, and the research proceeds from that point of view. Her style of writing isn't exactly con-

"Brian Jones was the founder of The Rolling Stones who gradually became less and less useful to Mick and Keith."

ducive to readability, her musical knowledge isn't strong enough to follow through her inquiries, and she is so obviously intimidated by Keith Richards, her only informative interviewee, that only a pinprick of light is shed on the subject's life and (particularly) death. Brian Jones was the founder of The Rolling Stones, who gradually became less and less useful to Mick and Keith, who ejected him, after which he died under mysterious circumstances—that much we knew. But Ms. Aftel, if you're going to get us going with sensational headlines, let's have some expository dirt to back it up!

—Jon Tiven

BONDAGE

Every red-blooded, Anglo-American male who admits he's over twenty-five will remember that icon, that potent symbol of the sixties—**James Bond**. Bond epitomized what the sixties male was supposed to be—dashing, suave, debonair, fast with a gun, and always, always with a beautiful woman on his arm. James Bond and **Sean Connery**, character and actor, were indistinguishable during that time. Thanks to a publicity machine that merchandised Bond/Connery to the hilt, Connery's face was everywhere; he *was* James Bond. Alas, the pressure of Bondage became too

Sean Connery on the reBond.

"Now more a relic than an icon, James Bond became a cartoon show, a 30 million dollar Road Runner in drag."

great, and Connery threw off the mantle in 1971, after *Diamonds Are Forever*.

Now more a relic than an icon, James Bond became tarnished with age. Portrayed first by **George Lazenby**, then by saintly **Roger Moore**, he became watered down by TV overexposure and imitation, and particularly by the fact that reality was becoming as fantastic as any of the films. Bond became a cartoon show, a 30 million dollar Road Runner in drag.

Connery, meanwhile, voiced dissatisfaction about the Moore Bonds in interviews, and then agreed to remake *Thunderball* for producers Jack Schwartzman and Kevin McClory. On September 20, 1982 filming began on Warner Bros.' ***Never Say Never Again***. (Get it?) At the same time, the last of the United Artists/Cubby Broccoli Bonds is being produced: ***Octopussy***, with Roger Moore as Bond for the sixth time.

So, the summer of '83 will be an ironic one: Connery will be in a new Bond film, competing directly with the series he helped create. And for more irony, the director of *Never*, Irvin Kershner, will be competing with *Revenge of the Jedi*—Star Wars III—after he directed the second installment, *The Empire Strikes Back*. Who will win the audience? Or will two Bonds be double double-oh-seven overkill?

—Tom Sciacca

"Obviously, *2010* takes up where Clarke's earlier novel left off, but the book stands on its own as an independent achievement."

FOURFATHERS

Four big books by four of the biggest sf authors in town. Well, almost. Four by their publishers' count, maybe one by mine. Still, Heinlein, Asimov, Clarke and Hubbard have released new books this year.

Battlefield Earth by **L. Ron Hubbard** (St. Martins) is billed as a saga of the year 3000, though as Hubbard's introduction makes clear, the book is firmly rooted in science fiction's so-called Golden Age. It is the story, epic in scope, of the dwindling age of mankind—an age in which man has been thrown down and senselessly demeaned by a heartless, conquering super-race, the Psychlos. It is the story of one man, Jonnie Goodboy whose courage and mettle are proved as he takes on the Psychlos and a hostile universe with nothing to urge him on but the will to win.

What Hubbard has succeeded in doing here is to resurrect thirties and forties pulp fiction: not as we remember it through a golden haze, or in the cullings of Asimov's "Golden Age" anthologies, but as it gushed in a torrent of ink from typewriter to printed page. What's most disappointing is Hubbard's apparent innocence of the way the world has changed since the days of his past glories. There's no disputing that he was a professional writer who could aim for a market and write on demand. What I'd like to see is how such a writer translates into the eighties. Hubbard's been retired for a long time now, but surely a man willing to commit a 250,000 word sf novel on the subject, has some new ideas. What's the point of dredging up the past?

As you might expect, **Robert Heinlein's *Friday*** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) is a good deal better. This is Heinlein informed by Donald (Matt Helm) Hamilton, Edgar Hoover, and Mickey Spillane. This is the rough and tough school of sf writing that Heinlein turned (practically) into an artform with *The Puppet Masters* and the carefully paced intrigue of *Double Star*. Nobody has done it better since those books, and most unfortunately, neither has Mr. Heinlein.

Friday is the novel's superbeautiful, super talented heroine, who in the best Heinlein tradition, is a little larger than life, and a little more vulnerable. All in all, the novel is encouraging—a classic Heinlein mix of thriller, sf, moralizing politics and a carefully explained finale, it is a far stronger book than *The Number of the Beast*. His next may be the one to look out for.

Judging by **Isaac Asimov's *Foundation's Edge*** (Doubleday) there'll be fewer readers, not more, for the still next installment of Hari Seldon's 1000 year plan. The novel begins with a cynical sort of putdown of the old Foundationeers we've all grown to love so well. Hardly an auspicious start, particularly coming from the unpleasant face of our equally unpleasant hero, Golan Trevize. Salvor Hardin, Ebling Mis, and Arkady—in this new Foundation age, the romance has gone out of these names. This is revisionist history with a vengeance. How could you do this to us, Dr. Asimov?

The answer, of course, is that the cynicism is Asimov's own. More than once Asimov has been quoted as saying, "I just couldn't turn down the money"—but my intuition tells me that this was a book Asimov profoundly dreaded writing. I don't detect any of Asimov's interest in this story, any of his glee, any feeling for his characters. If the author doesn't care, why should I?

The real surprise of the lot is **Arthur C. Clarke's *2010: Odyssey Two*** (Del Rey). Clarke has outdone himself, and the result is one of the most intelligent and thoughtful sf novels of this or any other year. Obviously, *2010* takes up where Clarke's earlier novel left off, but the book stands on its own as an independent achievement. In his forward, Clarke reviews some of the circumstances leading up to the first book's writing, and I think by doing this, he intends to explain some of the marked differences in tone and mood of the two books. After all, *2001* was virtually written in collaboration with a movie-in-the-making—an experience most novelists would shun. I suspect Clarke took to it well, and delivered to us a masterpiece that resembled very little of the rest of his work. *2010* is not the product of such a collaboration, but it is a generally philosophical novel bridging the gap between Clarke's earlier works, *Childhood's End*, *A Fall of Moondust*, and the inspired aberration, *2001*.

John W. Silbersack

"Morrison is indistinguishable from any other wired, manipulating bullshit artist who writes bad poetry when stoned."

THE LIZARD KING AND THE KURT JESTER

I don't have any idea where we are or where we're going. To be on the way to somewhere is all that counts." Quoth I, perhaps unfairly—from **Craig Kee Strete's** fictitious acid flashback of his days as a fifteen year-old part-time sap and sidekick to Jim Morrison's drugged-out Mephistopheles—i.e., ***Burn Down the Night*** (Warner Books). Who needs to think when your feet just go...? Novelists, for another.

As an author of a handful of very good short stories (buried in two collections of very mediocre fiction), Strete had heretofore dis-

Kurt Vonnegut: Deadeye *shuteye*

photograph by **Jill Krementz**

played an ability for shrewd social commentary, often delving into his Cherokee heritage to place the effluvium of American culture into a comic light. He had an overview *Burn Down the Night* doesn't. Morrison is indistinguishable from any other wired, manipulating, bullshit artist who writes bad poetry when stoned—and it's hard to tell if this is Strete's point. There's little to separate this first person account of violence, rape, orgies, lousy driving, and stupid adolescent suicide from the dozens of hokey paperback novels and films that flooded the marketplace circa 1969 (even the book's too-great detail is unlikely to've survived its drug-induced circumstances). And Morrison wasn't *Rimbaud*, for Christ's sake! And Strete isn't yet Hunter Thompson or William Burroughs or Richard Farina or even Rudolph Wurlitzer—he hasn't learned to control his novel-length visions. Perhaps he hasn't thought to.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. used to have this problem. His 1973 novel, *Breakfast of Champions*, was an attempt to tie up the loose ends in the lives of his previous work's stock company as well as many of his favorite themes. Not a bad idea, but *Breakfast* was terrible—bloated, rambling, mawkish, and by my count, funny but thrice. Nineteen seventy-six's *Slapstick* was far worse, but long after his talent had been given up for dead, Vonnegut returned with 1979's *Jailbird*—a flawed, but solid and mature work that did away with much of the cuteness that made his 70's novels so intolerable. A step in the right direction.

Whether ***Deadeye Dick*** (Delacorte Press) is another, is somewhat problematic. Vonnegut's latest is the memoir of fifty-year-old Rudy Waltz, one-time child criminal, full-time native of the only Ohio city to be cleared out by a neutron bomb. I counted two dozen laughs in this one; its prose is wry and austere. And if it wasn't in part a companion piece to *Breakfast*, I would be able to give it my full recommendation. ▲

—Robert Morales

CRYPTICA

Fishy Mission • Humans are now planning to use the very same fish they've pollluted halfway to extinction to help determine how badly they've done it, and what with. French biotechnologist Jean-Louis Huvé, barely restraining his gourmand's instinct to gut and marinate the little buggers, has been experimenting with trout implants. Like French nostrils, trout brains possess hypersensitive smell nodes. Fish register chemicals dissolved in water as variations in electrical neuro-frequencies. Huvé hit on the idea of putting a tiny transmitter in electrodes atop fish's brains, and using his personal computer to analyze incoming frequencies. That way he is able to distinguish common pollutants like Malathion, Parathion, and mercury. It's thought his true ambition is to measure the chemical proportion of garlic in the sauce while preparing *truite au bleu*.

Nip Knack • Japan, that fiendishly clever nation of honorable engineers, may be on the verge of building the world's first bionic computer. Tokyo University's Professor Shimizu has invented a simple biological motor—a propeller, coated with muscle protein, that rotates when other biochemicals stream past. The Japanese government is investing $8 million for Shimizu to develop a "feeling robot" and a bio-computer. The machines will be given parts of the central nervous system to use as brains, storing information in actual nerve endings, instead of microchips. Sake will be kept on hand in case of nervous breakdowns.

Winged Wines • Fruit flies really know their liquor. Experiments by the University of Australia at a Canberra compost heap show just what kind of connoisseurs they are. It turns out some species have a stronger head than others for the alcoholic content of rotting matter. That's how they allocate food amongst themselves, and avoid interspecies competition. For instance, *Drosophila Melanogaster* head straight for composting grapes and pears, which have the highest level of ethanol, whereas *D. Busckii* prefer decaying vegetables, which is just about okay for minors. Should you happen to no-

"COSMIC AVENGER FLOPPED IN THE ARCADES IT WAS TOO DIFFICULT TO PLAY. COLECO'S HOME VERSION IS BETTER."

tice any fruit flies zig-zagging drunkenly, leave a mug of black coffee near the rubbish heap.

Magnetic Field • Magnetic Medicine—about as plausible as the healing power of crystals, right? Wrong. Years ago a Japanese scientist claimed to cure neck and shoulder pains with a magnetic necklace. Nobody believed him. Reports in the October *Journal of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation* indicate that the necklace certainly influences the conduction of nerves in the arm, and might well affect such pains. • Also bizarre is a new use of magnets in the fight against cancer. The problem in the past has been to knock out cancerous cells without killing healthy ones as well. A new technique pioneered in London uses micromagnets targeted specifically to attach themselves to tumor cells. A larger magnet then separates the piggybacked cells from the healthy ones.

The Look Before the Leap • Shakespeare wrote: "Men must endure their going hence as their coming hither/Ripeness is all" (i.e. there's an etiquette to making exits and entrances). If you've got a notion to leap off a bridge in the Bay Area, and you're style conscious, the Golden Gate's your scene. Richard Seiden (in the *International Journal of Suicides*) reckons that the Golden Gate's esthetic allure acts as a potent symbol of death with dignity, whereas the Bay Bridge to Oakland is unhip and tacky—explaining why five times as many jumpers choose the former over the latter. Even though to get to the Golden Gate most of them have to cross the Bay Bridge, they wouldn't be caught dead jumping off it.

—Melik Kaylan

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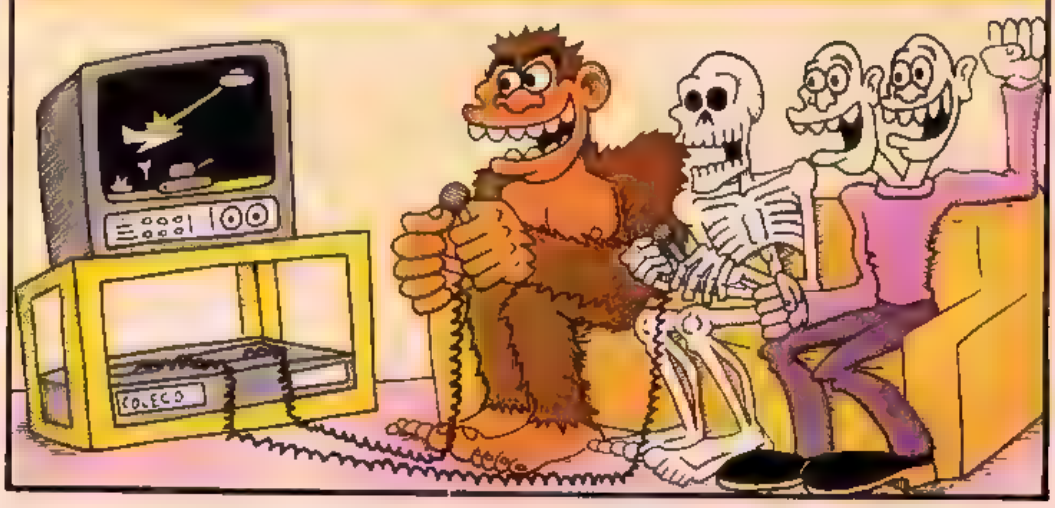

LATELY, THE HOME VIDEO GAMES ARE GIVING ARCADES A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY. THE NEW **ATARI 5200** SYSTEM, THE **IMAGIC** CARTRIDGES, AND **COLECOVISION** ALL OFFER HIGH QUALITY GRAPHICS, CHALLENGING GAMES, AND FUN. IN THE NEXT FEW ISSUES I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE HOME SYSTEMS.

I PLAYED THREE GAMES ON THE COLECOVISION SYSTEM. I COULDN'T WAIT TO TRY THE **DONKEY KONG** CARTRIDGE, SINCE THAT'S MY FAVORITE ARCADE GAME, AND THE T.V. ADS CLAIM THAT IT PLAYS JUST LIKE THE REAL THING. NO WAY, JOSÉ. IT LOOKS NICE, BUT IT DOES NOT PLAY LIKE THE ARCADE GAME. COLECOVISION'S VERSION IS BETTER THAN THE INTELLIVISION OR ATARI DONKEY KONG, BUT IT LACKS THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING. FOR INSTANCE, THE BARRELS FOLLOW PREDICTABLE AND DULL PATTERNS, THEY DON'T TURN INTO FIREBALLS ONCE THEY HIT THE OIL BARREL, THE APE DOESN'T LAUGH, BEAT HIS CHEST OR EVEN GRAB THE GIRL. MAYBE I'M PREJUDICED 'CAUSE I'M SUCH A DONKEY KONG FAN.

COSMIC AVENGER, ONE OF THE MANY SCRAMBLE-TYPE GAMES, FLOPPED IN THE ARCADES. SURE, IT WAS LOUD AND FLASHY, BUT IT WAS TOO DIFFICULT TO PLAY. COLECO'S HOME VERSION IS BETTER. YOU FLY A SPACESHIP THAT DROPS BOMBS AND SHOOTS ROCKETS AT ALIEN CITIES, UFOS AND TANKS. THE GRAPHICS, AS USUAL, ARE COLORFUL. THERE ARE THREE DIFFERENT SCENARIOS, AND FOUR LEVELS OF DIFFICULTY. EVEN THE SOUNDTRACK IS ABOVE AVERAGE.

COLECOVISION'S **VENTURE** WAS MY FAVORITE. IT'S TWELVE GAMES IN ONE BECAUSE YOU, THE MAN WITH THE ARROW, ENTER ONE OF FOUR ROOMS ON FOUR DIFFERENT BOARDS AND FACE A NEW CHALLENGE IN EACH ONE. GOBLINS, GENIES, TWO-HEADED MONSTERS, BATS, SERPENTS, SKELETONS, AND DRAGONS ARE JUST A FEW OF THE WEIRDOS YOU SHOOT DOWN. ONCE THEY'RE OUT OF THE WAY, YOU STEAL THE TREASURE AND SPLIT FAST BEFORE A DEMON ENTERS AND SNUFFS YOU. EACH ROOM HAS IT'S OWN MUSIC, ALL TOP-TEN MATERIAL, AND IT'S SOME OF MY FAVORITE VIDEO GAME NOISE OF ALL TIME.

OVERALL, COLECOVISION IS SUPERIOR TO BOTH ATARI AND INTELLIVISION, ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T TRIED ATARI'S 5200 SYSTEM YET. THE CONTROLS ARE EASY TO MANIPULATE, THE GRAPHICS ARE INTERESTING, AND THE SYSTEM WILL EXPAND TO ACCOMMODATE EXPANSION MODULES.

IF I WAS GOING TO SPEND ON A HOME VIDEO GAME SYSTEM, MY BUCK WOULD STOP HERE.

-JOHN HOLMSTROM

SICK BUT FUNNY

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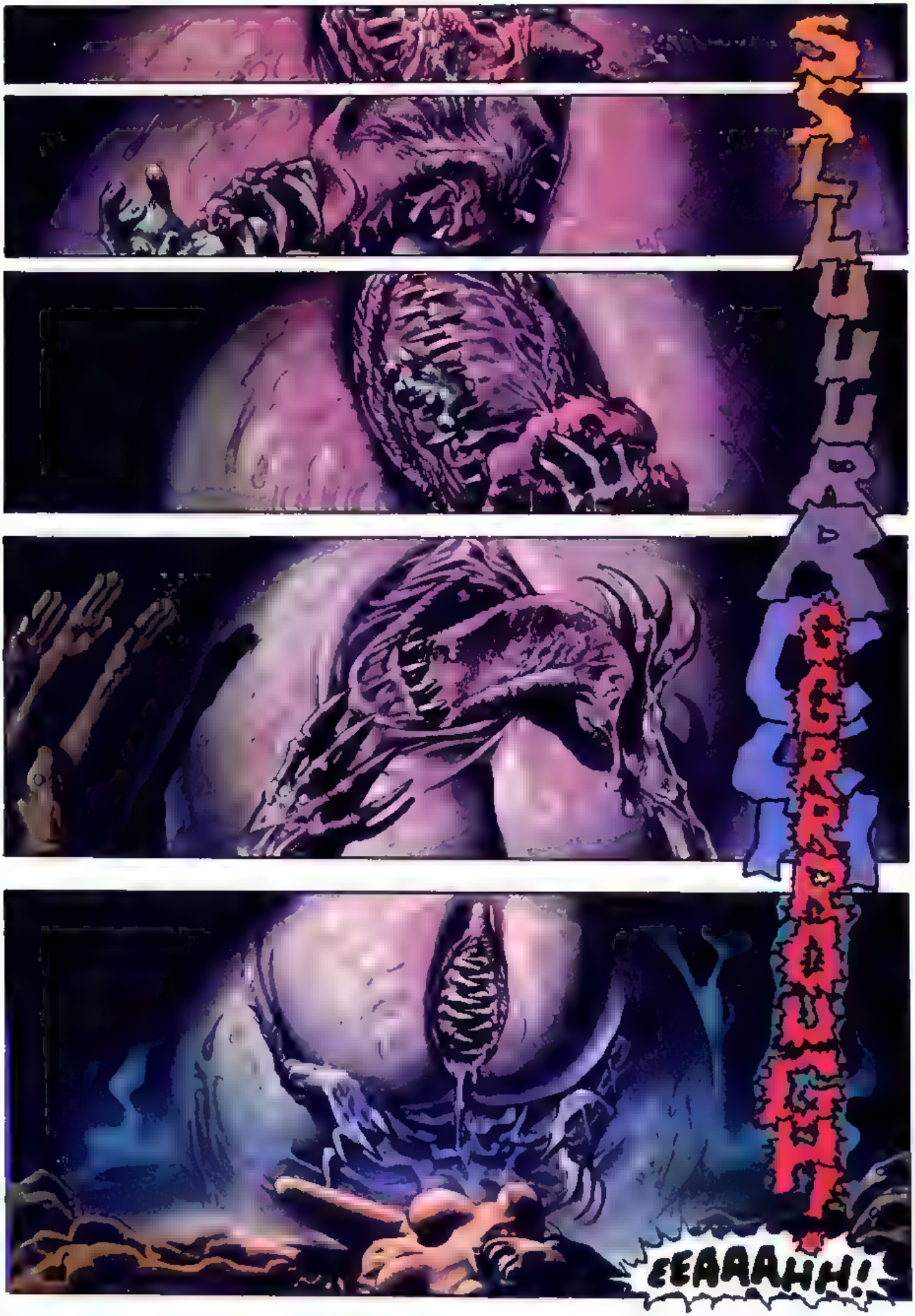
DEN II

When last we read Tarn, who had become the king of the Lorungan Mts and the Knorland Forests, returned to take his bride Muuta Soon after his arrival Den discovered the Dramites evil plans and he Muuta and the rest of the Minimuutan people planned their escape

He he he
You lose Den
She s mine
I knew you wanted
her for yourse f
a l along
Muuta is my
bride I ve just
married her
Don t worry I won t eat you love you
and I want the same good things that
happened to me to happen to you too
But Muuta and I have much to do first
We ve got to have a family maybe a
few hundred thousand
I m afraid the old generation is on its last
legs They re dropping ike flies Heh
heh, heh! Then we can make you a
succubus
LET US
GO!
SHREEEE
Cast off!
Raise the sail!
Hey, what about
Mistress Muuta?
t s too ate
for her and
her boyfriend

Heh heh heh
Did you hear that Den?
They re leav ng you behind
NO! NO!
It s shameful treason isn t it?
UUUNNN Well they won t escape I foresaw th s poss bility eft one worker aboard hidden w th a specia cargo He had on y one task to do n th s event

KA-BRUMP!
N, Now as you watch, shall mate w th my Muuta
NO, NO! PLEASE, NO!
AAAAAGGGGH!
SKRIIIIKKKTCH!
SSSKKRRIIIITTCCCHH!
SLORK
KRUNCH


SLUUUURP
GGRRRROUGH
EEAAAHH!

to be continued

A new Corben/Strnad collaboration:
JEREMY BROOD, PART ONE:
RELATIVITY

Relativity is the first part in a projected series of three full-color graphic a bums. A plea for help sends Jeremy Brood to an obscure planet where pagan rituals rule Jeremy's m ssion? To bring order and civilization to the natives.

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THE APE

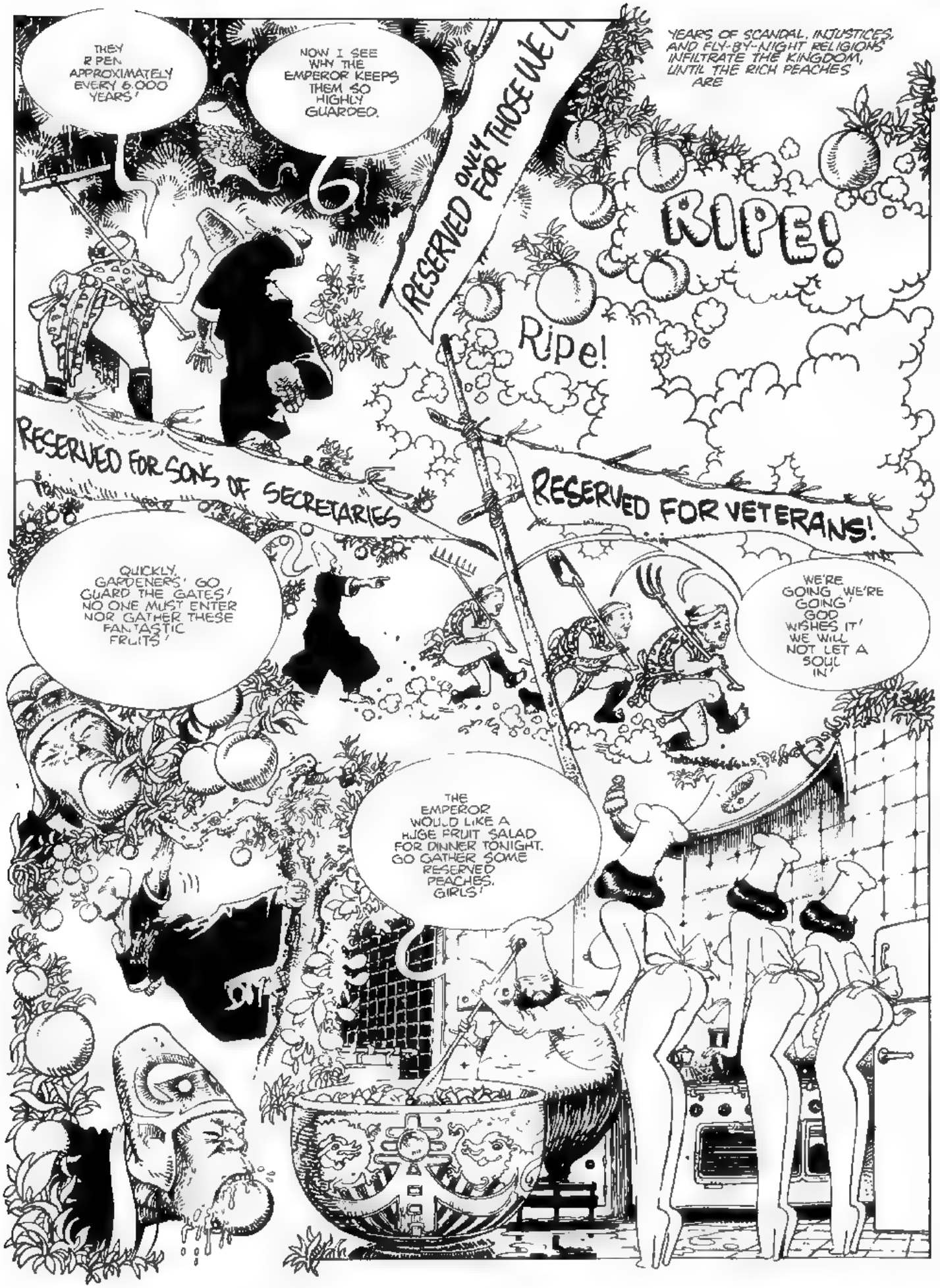
LAST WE READ, THE YOUNG APE WAS REUNITED WITH THE EMPEROR, WHO WAS MAKING IMPROPER ADVANCES TOWARDS HIS GIRLFRIEND

HMM NICE GIRL BUT SHE COULD BE DANGEROUS
OH I THINK THAT'S CONSCIENCE - THE YOUNG APES GIRL
SO THEN, MY YOUNG APE FRIEND, I PROCLAIM YOU A GREAT WISE MAN EQUAL TO THE HEAVENS THIS IS A GREAT AND NOBLE HONOR I DO HOPE THIS WILL PUT AN END TO YOUR RUNNING AROUND, AND THE PLAYBOY IMAGE YOU SO ENJOY
NO PROBLEM THERE EMP THANKS FOR THE GREAT TITLE!
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU
THAT'S ENOUGH NOW, I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS
AND THE GIRL THAT WAS WITH ME? WHERE DID SHE GO?
SHE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO WHO KNOWS WHERE SHE RAN OFF TO?
POOR GIRL PROBABLY COULDN'T DEAL WITH MY FAME AND GOOD FORTUNE!

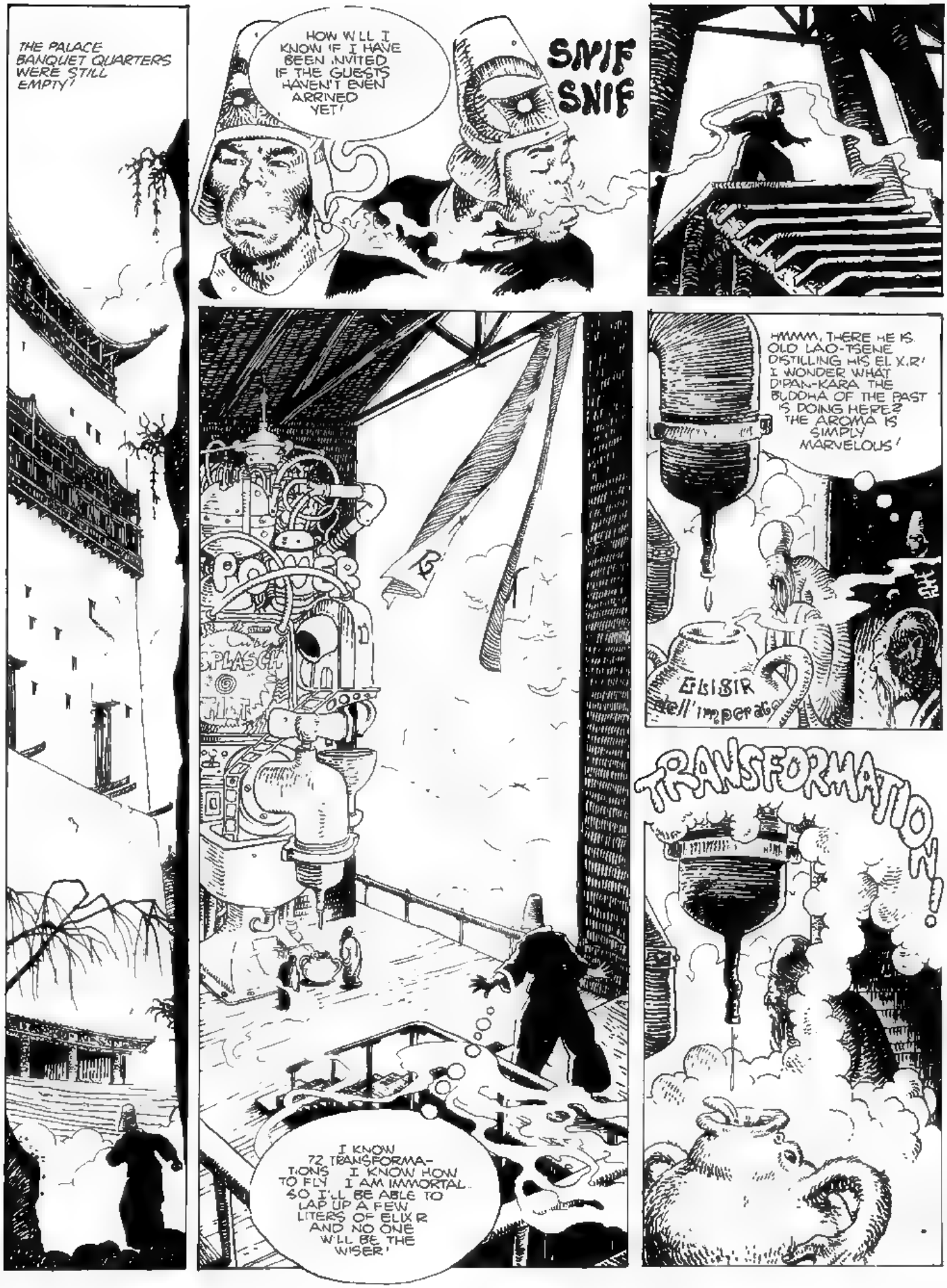
THE OFFICE OF THE GREAT WISE MAN, EQUAL TO THE HEAVENS WAS ENJOYING A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE PEACH TREE GARDEN
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE TEA IN THE PAVILION OF PEACE AND QUIET, OH SWEET AND HAIRY ONE?
INDIRA IS WAITING FOR YOU IN THE ROOM OF THE CALM SPIRIT, MY SWEET LORD!
UNBEARABLE HENCHMEN FOLLOWED THE YOUNG APE WHEREVER HE WENT
WHAT A DELICIOUS PRESENT PLEASE THANK THE EMPEROR FOR THIS GOLDEN BRANCH.

THE IDLE YOUNG APE WAS LEFT TO LIVE IN A SORT OF FALSE LIBERTY THAT HE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE. AND IF YOU THINK THAT HE'S GOING TO PUT UP WITH IT MUCH LONGER, JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU TURN THE PAGE!

WITH THE TITLE OF GREAT WISE MAN EQUAL TO THE HEAVENS THE YOUNG APE HAS OBTAINED A GRAND PLACE IN THE PALACE OF JADE. THOUGH DULL IT MAY BE
WHEN YOUNG APES DON'T HAVE MUCH TO DO, THEY BEGIN TO THINK— AND THAT'S WHEN THEY BECOME DANGEROUS
YOU SAY I SHOULD PROMOTE THE YOUNG APE? WHAT'S HIS NAME? OH, YES, GREAT WISE MAN, EQUAL TO THE HEAVENS— WHAT A STUPID NAME!
DID YOU CALL FOR ME, MY DEAR AND TUBBY EMPEROR?
YES FROM NOW ON YOU WILL TAKE CARE OF THE PEACH TREE GARDEN IT MUST ALWAYS BE SILENT THERE AND NARY A PEACH SHOULD BE EATEN!
RESERVED FOR THE SUPER OFFICE
RISERVATO
HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS HERE! BOY WHAT ONE COULD DO WITH THIS PLACE. JUST A LITTLE INGENUITY AND A BIG SHOVEL I COULD SEE A NICE AMUSEMENT PARK RIGHT ABOUT THERE!
THEY ARE VERY PRECIOUS AND HOLD IMMENSE POWERS! EAT JUST ONE OF THESE PEACHES AND YOU SHALL BE IMMORTAL!
HERE! WHY ARE ALL THESE TREES OFF LIMITS TO THE PUBLIC?


THEY R PEN. APPROXIMATELY EVERY 6,000 YEARS!
NOW I SEE WHY THE EMPEROR KEEPS THEM SO HIGHLY GUARDED.
6!
RESERVED ONLY FOR THOSE WE L
YEARS OF SCANDAL, INJUSTICES, AND FLY-BY-NIGHT RELIGIONS INFILTRATE THE KINGDOM, UNTIL THE RICH PEACHES ARE
RIPE!
Ripe!
RESERVED FOR SONS OF SECRETARIES
RESERVED FOR VETERANS!
QUICKLY, GARDENERS! GO GUARD THE GATES! NO ONE MUST ENTER NOR GATHER THESE FANTASTIC FRUITS!
WE'RE GOING, WE'RE GOING! GOD WISHES IT! WE WILL NOT LET A SOUL IN!
THE EMPEROR WOULD LIKE A HUGE FRUIT SALAD FOR DINNER TONIGHT. GO GATHER SOME RESERVED PEACHES, GIRLS!

STOP, COOK'S BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!
THE EMPEROR WANTS US TO PICK SOME PEACHES AND WE MUST DO IT QUICKLY!
BUT
THEY HAVE
ALL.
BEEN BITTEN!
HERE IS THE ONLY WHOLE ONE!
ONE LAST PEACH!
THE EMPEROR IS SUCH A SNOB, HE'LL NEVER EAT PEACHES THAT HAVE BEEN PARTIALLY EATEN! WE CAN ONLY BRING THIS ONE
TRANSFORMATION
WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO GATHER PEACHES THAT HAVE BEEN ENTRUSTED ONLY TO ME YOU YOU EVIL MONSTERS!?!
THE EMPEROR IS GIVING A FEAST TONIGHT! HE WANTS THE CHEF TO MAKE A GRAND FRUIT SALAD! WE HAVE COME ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!
A BANQUET HUH? AND WHY HAVEN'T I RECEIVED AN INVITATION YET? I'M GOING TO SEE ABOUT THIS! WAIT FOR ME HERE!
WELL, DON'T CALL US MONSTERS, WE WERE ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS!
AH, YES! THE YOUNG APE CAN FREEZE MAIDENS INTO A TREE WITH HIS SECRET POWERS! A LITTLE BIT OF THIS, AND A PEPPERING OF THAT AND VOILA!


THE PALACE BANQUET QUARTERS WERE STILL EMPTY!
HOW WILL I KNOW IF I HAVE BEEN INVITED IF THE GUESTS HAVEN'T EVEN ARRIVED YET!
SNIF SNIF
HMMM, THERE HE IS. OLD LAO-TSENE DISTILLING HIS ELIXIR! I WONDER WHAT DIPAN-KARA THE BUDDHA OF THE PAST IS DOING HERE? THE AROMA IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS!
ELISIR dell'imperatore
SPLASCH
I KNOW 72 TRANSFORMATIONS I KNOW HOW TO FLY I AM IMMORTAL SO I'LL BE ABLE TO LAP UP A FEW LITERS OF ELIXIR AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER!
TRANSFORMATION!

IS THE ELIXIR READY? I WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION AT THE PARTY THIS EVENING
YES, POWERFUL EMPEROR EVERYTHING IS ACCORDING TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS!
HIC
SWAGS
EMPEROR?
WHAT?
BRRRR!
THE JUG IS COMPLETELY DRUNK!
AND IRREVERENT, NO LESS!
HMMM, HE REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE!

CALL ERH-LANG, CHIEF OF THE EMPERIAL POLICE TELL HIM WE WANT TWO MEN DOWN HERE AT ONCE TO GET RID OF THIS DRUNKEN WHATEVER-IT-IS!
LOOK, DON'T ARGUE WITH ME. I'M ONLY A MESSENGER THE EMPEROR WANTS YOU DOWN THERE TO GET RID OF SOME DRUNK!
THEY MUST HAVE FLIPPED THEIR CROWNS UP AT THE CHATEAU OF THE CLOUDS! THIS IS A JOB FOR US!
YES, CHEF! WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT, THE SILVER OR THE RED?
DID YOU TAKE THE DEVIL'S REFLECTIVE MIRROR?

TO BE CONTINUED

STARSTRUCK

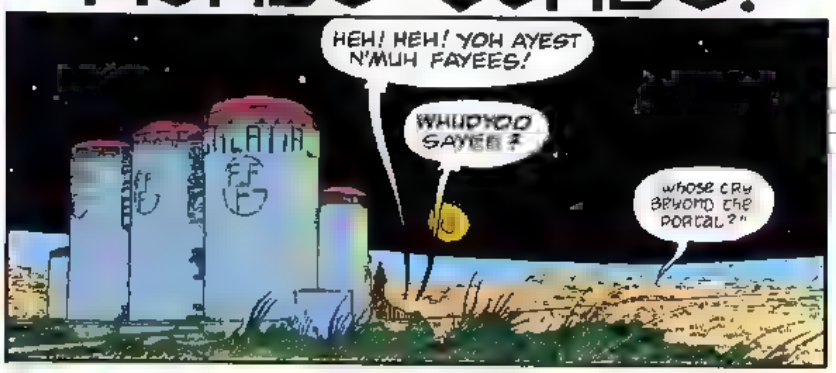
WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALUTA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

LAST TIME AROUND, WE SAW THAT KALIF WAS STILL INFATUATED WITH HIS ROBOTIC GIRLFRIEND AND A BABY WAS BORN--BUT WHOSE?

"MUMBO-JUMBO!"

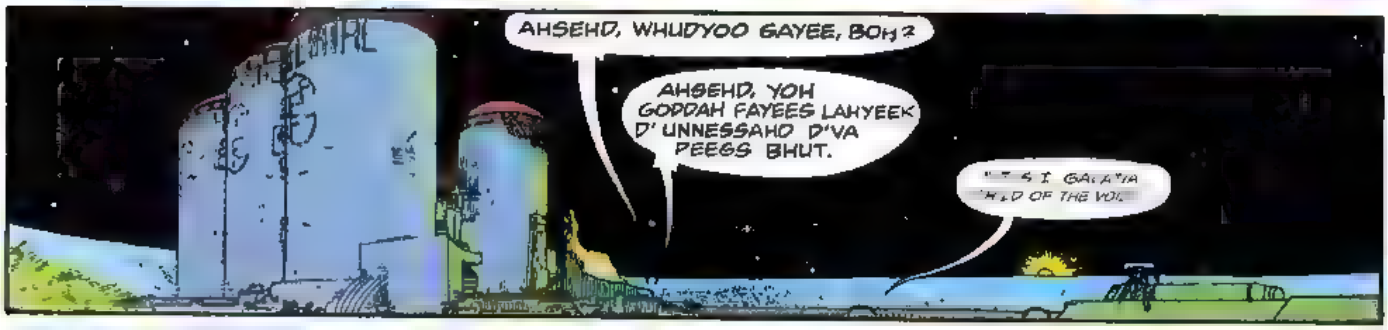
CYCLE 132 ANARCHERA

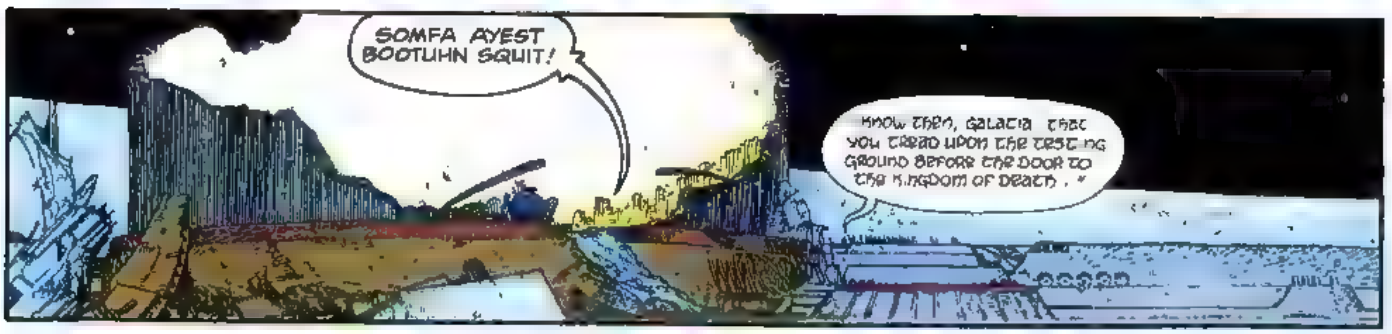
OMEGA: DISQUE G, AUTOMATED FARMING DISQUE AND PENAL COLONY BUILT BY GALATIAL FIBER FEED & FERMENTING, IER-CO (DEFUNCT) ABANDONED AFTER THE OVERTHROW OF THE INCORPORATED ELYSIAN REPUBLIC, CYCLE 1 ANARCHERA.

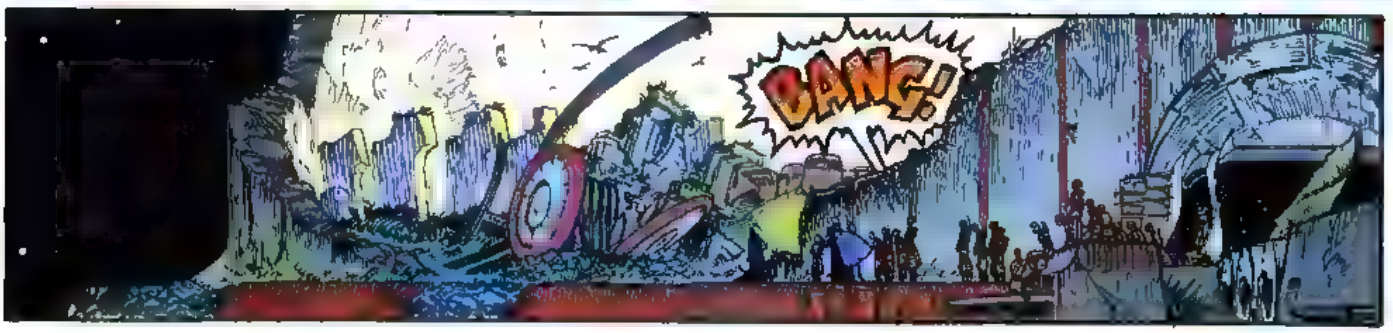


"So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod."

--EUGENE FIELD, POEMS OF CHILDHOOD




SOMFA AYEST BOOTUHN SQUIT!
KNOW THEN, GALACIA THAT YOU TREAD UPON THE TEST ING GROUND BEFORE THE DOOR TO THE KINGDOM OF DEATH."



LOR, BUBBUH-- YOODUN BLOAD M'NOZE AWF!
HE'S RAHTPERT Y'AYN'E.
SHEE-HUT!
"YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEAP THE CHASM BETWEEN WORLDS."
I MOAN HA'TA TAR Y'HEYUD KLEENAWF!
SHUFFIZ PIKKEHR HUPPIZ GUHLIT, DOODY.
KHUT 'M BUBBUH!
"KNOW THAT IT IS BETTER TO RUN UPON MY BLADE AND PERISH THAN TO MAKE THE ATTEMPT WITH FEAR IN THY HEART"
YOH GOAN GEHYEET Y'HEYED BUHSTID T'KEENGDUHM KUHM.
AYHDOAN MUHCH LAHYEEK T'DOODIS, BUBBUH...
N'DOODY, Y'GITINY CLOASERN AYHEMOAN SLAPYUPSAHD D'HEYUHD!
DEHK D'BAHSSID, BUBBUH!
I MOAN LAYUHT WAYEST
GLUP
THWUNK

AWWWW...N'GIDDUHP, DOODY...
SHEE HUT
AWWW...CUMOAN YOOAYNE BEEYINA SPOART!
SHEE-HUT
HUH? WHUHZZAT?
BZZZZZT
HOOO! D'YOO SEDAT L'TUL FANG, BOH-HYD?
LOR IYANE NEFFUH SEED NUFFINDAT L'TUL! IMOAN LOHK AYEST WID DAT TOONYUHT!
HAYEE! URRYL! SHEEAYNOE B'GERDEN UH FEEHUST!
SHEE HUT!
EXPAND 2 3...4 RELEASE 2 3 4
CONTROL.. 2 . 3 . 4...
IMOAN TARYOOHUP, SWEEFANG!
HAMMEE SUHMADAT..
WHAR HA-YOO B NAWL MUH LAHF, MAMUH!

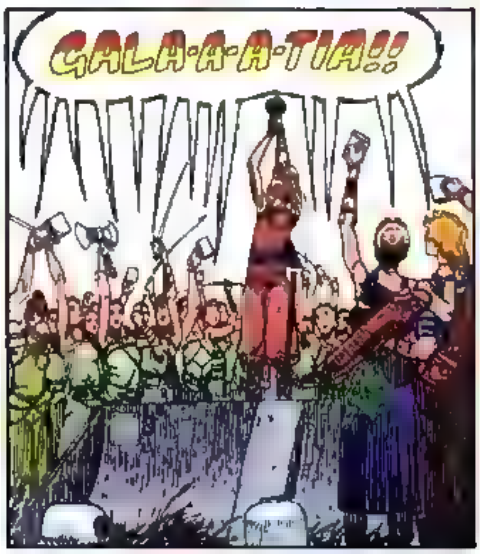
ORDDLE HEADS
LOR YES I MOAN HAMMEE SUM ANJIL PYH!
HAAH
AHHRRRRRAHH!
...SMELL LIKE THREE-MALTON SKREEBONS.
EAT DIRT, WOMBRIPPER!
...YUK!
...ICK...
NOW!

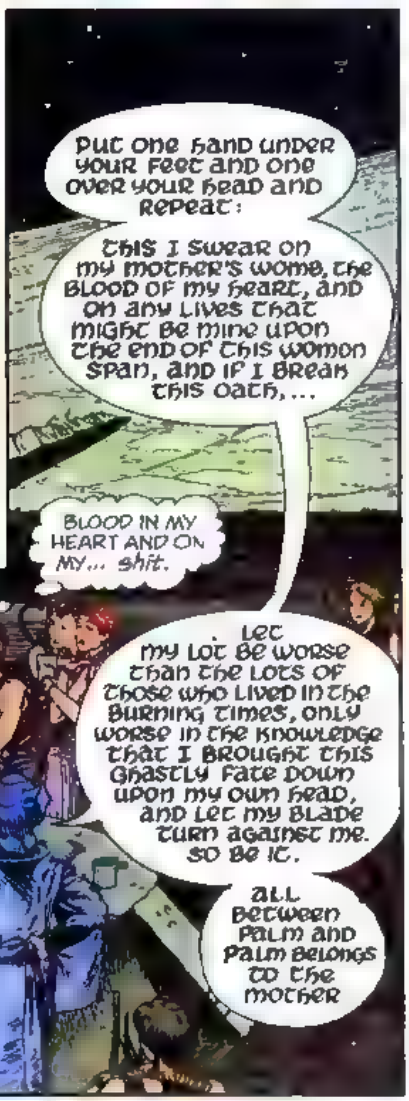
IF GRANMA COULD SEE ME
MOTHER-KILLING BLIGHT!
YOOWOOD'N DOODIS T'OLE BUBBUH, WOODY'HOO, L'TUL DAHRLIN PYH?
mr green jeans

NAWWWW... L'TUL SUGUH BRHITCHIZ WOOD'N BOODIS T'OLE...
URK!
BUZZATT
BUZZATT
BUZZATT
9 MARTRONS, NOT TOO SHODDY!
SO ARE YOU BROUGHT INTO THE CIRCLE!
I ENTER THE CIRCLE N PERFECT LOVE AND PERFECT TRUST
Galatia 9!
STAR MOTHER! KEEPER OF THE NIGHT! BEHOLD YOUR DAUGHTER, GALATIA 9, WHO IS NOW MADE SISTER AND AMAZON!
FOUND THE STILL
AWRIGHT!

DO you swear the oath?
I DO!
DRINK UP!
Repeat: I, Galatia 9, DO swear to defend my sisters to the limits of my powers..
I, GALATIA 9, DO SWEAR TO DEFEND MY SISTERS TO THE LIMITS ..
OVER HERE
STUFF GOES DOWN WITH A VENGEANCE

...TO KEEP A TIGHT LIP WHEN THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID..
...SHITS NOT TOO SHODDY!
TIGHT L P WHEN TH NGS ARE BE TTER LEFT UNSA
IN THE VATROOM
TO LOVE THE MOTHER IN .
GOOD WORK!
LOVE THE MOTHER IN MYSELF
TO CONVERT TO COMPOST THOSE WHO CHEAPEN LIFE, MAIM OUR WOMYN, UPSET THE BALANCE OF THE MOTHER...
TORCH THE LOGS!
TO TURN TO COMPOST
ALMOS DONE




PUT ONE HAND UNDER YOUR FEET AND ONE OVER YOUR HEAD AND REPEAT:
THIS I SWEAR ON MY MOTHER'S WOMB, THE BLOOD OF MY HEART, AND ON ANY LIVES THAT MIGHT BE MINE UPON THE END OF THIS WOMON SPAN, AND IF I BREAK THIS OATH, ...
BLOOD IN MY HEART AND ON MY... shit.
LET MY LOT BE WORSE THAN THE LOTS OF THOSE WHO LIVED IN THE BURNING TIMES, ONLY WORSE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I BROUGHT THIS GHASTLY FATE DOWN UPON MY OWN HEAD, AND LET MY BLADE TURN AGAINST ME. SO BE IT.
ALL BETWEEN PALM AND PALM BELONGS TO THE MOTHER

TO BE CONTINUED

ZORA

SO FAR: AFTER SURVIVING A TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT CRASH-LANDING ON THE HONEYCOMB, ZORA AND HER CRUSADING COMRADES ARE AMBUSHED BY ONE OF SHARTAS PATROLS. AMON IS GRAVELY WOUNDED IN THE FRACAS - WILL ONE OF THE HONEYCOMBS AUTO-MEDICS BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM?

THERES NO DENYING IT. AMON'S BODY SUSTAINED SEVERE CELLULAR DAMAGE DURING HIBERNATION. THESE WOUNDS NOW HAVE ONLY ACCELERATED THE DECLINE
WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO REVERSE IT, AND NOW ISN'T THE TIME TO START LOOKING AT THIS RATE, HE WON'T LAST MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HOURS
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN THINK OF. A TRANSFUSION FROM THE EARTHLING, ROB, WHOSE BLOOD CARRIES A SPECIAL IMMUNITY FACTOR. I COULD WORK AS AN ANTIDOTE. IT'LL BE RISKY BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE
I THINK WE SHOULD TRY THE IMPOSSIBLE. I WON'T BLAME YOU IF IT DOESN'T WORK. I'VE ALREADY DECIDED THAT IF AMON DIES, I'LL GO WITH HIM.
AS THE TECHNICIANS PROGRAMMED THE AUTO-MEDIC FOR THE TRANSFUSION, SOMETHING UNEXPECTED SUDDENLY APPEARED ON THE MENTAL READOUT SCREEN
GOOD GOD! WHEN WE WERE HIBERNATING IN THAT LABORATORY BASEMENT ON NEW EARTH, AMON WOKE UP BEFORE I DID. THIS MUST BE HIS MEMORY FROM THEN
IF THE IMPRESSIONS ARE STRONG ENOUGH, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HEAR HIS THOUGHTS. TURN UP THE SOUND

ONCE THE ALTO MEDIC'S MIND LINK WITH AMON HAD BEEN AMPLIFIED, IT WAS EASY TO HEAR HIS REMEMBERED THOUGHTS.
I SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONE AWAKENED. SOMETHING OR SOMEONE MUST HAVE SET OFF THE TIME CONTROL
I CAN SMELL TROUBLE NEARBY BUT WHY HAVEN'T THE ALARMS SOUNDED?
WHOEVER T IS, IS STILL OUTSIDE THE LAB HOW CAN I SENSE TS PRESENCE? WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON? TIS LIKE SOME KIND OF SUBCONSCIOUS SIGNAL. A MESSAGE BUT I WAS NEVER TELEPATHIC BEFORE.
THEY'VE DETECTED THE LAB AND ARE GETTING READY TO DESTROY IT I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM WITHOUT DISTURBING MY PALS I'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO IT TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE

A LONG-DEAD NEW EARTH LOOMED UP BEFORE AMON AS HE LEFT THE UNDERGROUND LAB BUT HE SEEMED NOT TO NOTICE THE DESOLATION ALL AROUND HIM, AS IF HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT IT AT ALL
ONE TRAIN OF THOUGHT RAN THROUGH HIS MIND: THE TRAINING IN SEARCH AND DESTROY TECHNIQUES HE'D HAD AS A SOLDIER. HE KNEW AND SAW NOTHING ELSE
THE BIO-SENSOR HAS SPOTTED THEM!
THEY'RE LESS THAN A MILE AWAY!
AND THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF THEM. AT LEAST THREE I'M SURE OF T
TIP
TIP
FLAP

WROOM
GOT 'EM! I KNOW I WINGED TWO OF 'EM, BUT WHERE'S THE THIRD?
MAYBE IT WAS WOUNDED AND ESCAPED
WHERE'S
IS COMING CLOSER
AND CLOSER HEY!
WHAT HAPPENED? THAT STATIC IN MY HEAD I'M NOT RECEIVING ANYMORE
AIIIEEEGG
ARRGGH! GODDAMN GALACTIC SCUM!

TO BE CONTINUED

A MAN MAY SEE HOW THIS WORLD GOES WITH NO EYES LOOK WITH THINE EARS,
THE KING AND I
♫ BY ANGUS McKIE ♫

SEE HOW YOND JUSTICE RAILS UPON YOND SIMPLE THIEF HARK, IN THINE EAR CHANGE PLACES AND, HANDY DANDY WHICH IS THE JUSTICE WHICH IS THE THIEF?

POOR NAKED WRETCHES, WHERESOE'ER YOU ARE,
THAT BIDE THE PELTING OF THIS PITILESS STORM.
HOW SHALL YOUR HOUSELESS HEADS AND UNFED SIDES,
YOUR LOOPED AND WINDOW'D RAGGEDNESS, DEFEND YOU
FROM SEASONS SUCH AS THESE?
TAKE PHYSIC POMP!
EXPOSE THYSELF TO FEEL WHAT WRETCHES FEEL!

BLOW WINDS, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS! RAGE! BLOW!
YOU CATARACTS AND HURRICANOES, SPOUT
TILL YOU HAVE DRENCH'D OUR STEEPLES, DROWN'D THE COCKS!
YOU SULPHUROUS AND THOUGHT-EXECUTING FIRES,
VAUNT-COURIERS TO OAK CLEAVING THUNDERBOLTS,..
..SINGE MY WHITE HEAD!
AND THOU, ALL SHAKING THUNDER,
STRIKE FLAT THE THICK ROTUNDITY O'THE WORLD
CRACK NATURES MOLDS, ALL GERMENS SPILL AT ONCE
THAT MAKE INGRATEFUL MAN!
AS FLIES TO WANTON BOYS
ARE WE TO THE GODS,
THEY KILL US FOR
THEIR SPORT
WHEN WE ARE BORN, WE CRY
THAT WE ARE COME TO THIS GREAT STAGE OF FOOLS

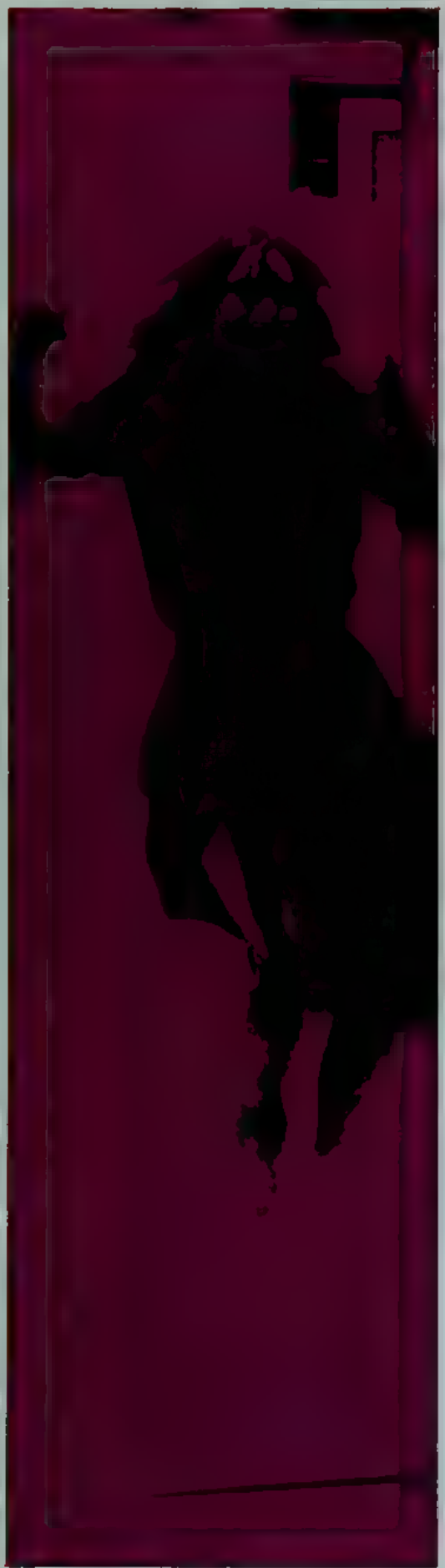
HIS FLAW'D HEART ALACK! TOO WEAK THE CONFLICT TO SUPPORT, TWIXT TWO EXTREMES OF PASSION, JOY AND GRIEF, BURST SMILINGLY
MEN MUST ENDURE THEIR GOING HENCE, EVEN AS THEIR COMING HITHER RIPENESS IS ALL
THE GODS ARE JUST AND OF OUR PLEASANT VICES MAKE INSTRUMENTS TO PLAGUE US
THE WHEEL IS COME FULL CIRCLE
A WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE-ANGUS McKIE CO-PRODUCTION

The Entity

Based on a True Story . . . .that isn't Over Yet

by Carl Macek

Illustration by Alan Lynch

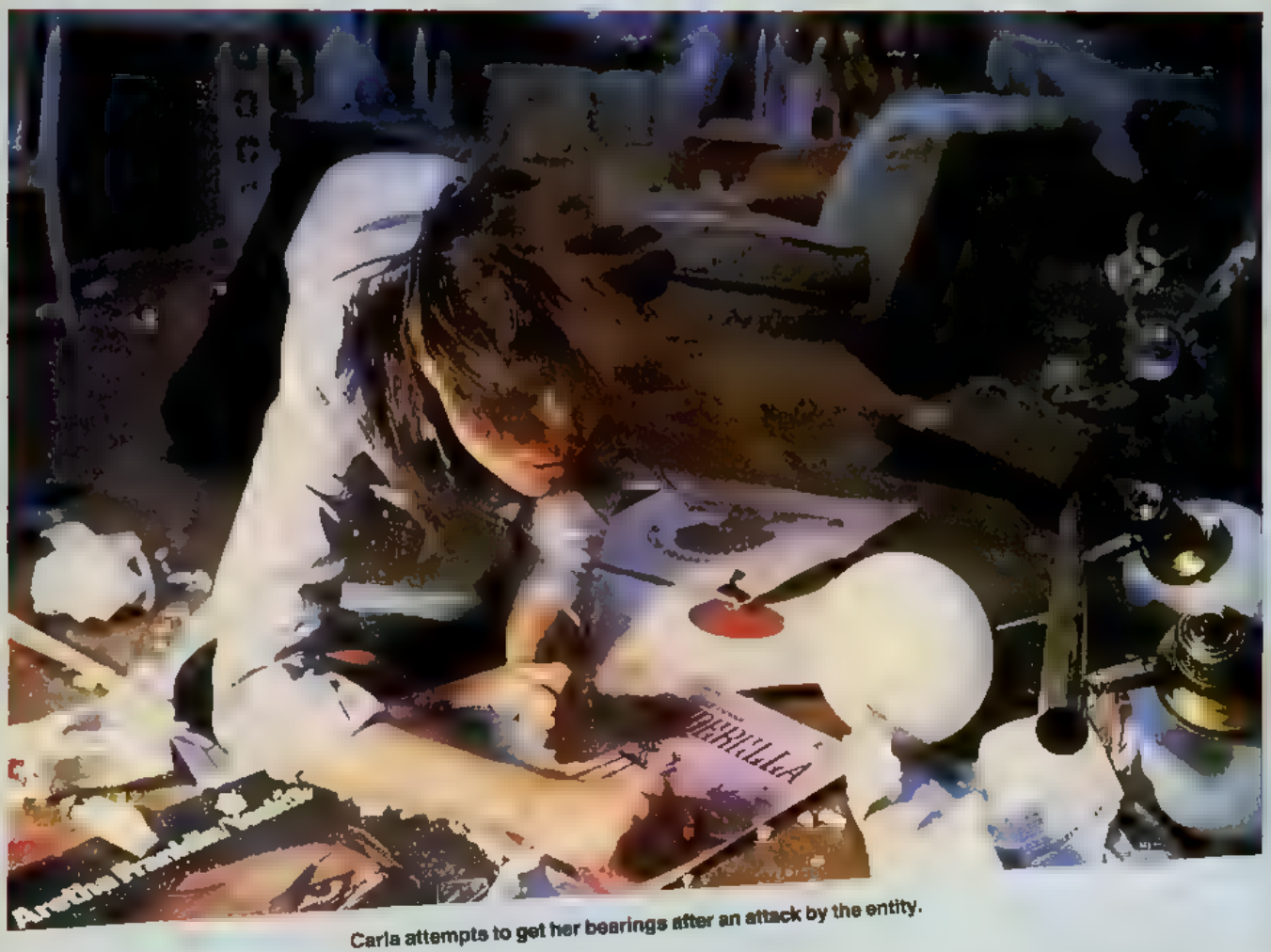


Stories of a discarnate being which attacks a woman in Culver City, California, seem strongly rooted to the stuff that dreams are made of. And yet, in 1975, according to the most reliable sources, these stories proved all too real for a woman dubbed "Carla Moran" by author Frank DeFelitta.

Carla Moran (Barbara Hershey) enters her bedroom, where the entity awaits.

Twentieth Century-Fox's new film which adapts DeFelitta's carefully researched novel, *The Entity*, peels away the veneer of religious dogma and occult mysticism surrounding these types of attacks, and focuses in on the real life horror of a young woman who was repeatedly victimized by such a demon.

Frank DeFelitta is a reasonable man. In fact, his years of experience as a documentary filmmaker provide him with credentials that mark him as the voice of reason. His interest in the supernatural has only surfaced in the last few years, due to an extremely unusual coincidence that occurred while he was filming a documentary on the "Stately Ghosts of England." A camera set up by DeFelitta using infrared film (allowing images to be recorded in total darkness) on time exposure, captured the image of something completely inexplicable. The footage has been examined by a virtual army of experts, and the general conclusion is that the film is a record of the movement of a lower ectoplasmic form. In other words, DeFelitta photographed a ghost. His accidental discovery became legendary in the field of psychic research. In 1975 a group of psychic investigators stumbled onto one of the most graphic cases of unexplainable physical phenomena ever investigated. DeFelitta was contacted and asked to participate in the experiments. The particulars of this incident were recorded in DeFelitta's novel *The Entity*. Everything that DeFelitta describes in his book is either substantiated by on-site research, or by in-



Carla attempts to get her bearings after an attack by the entity.

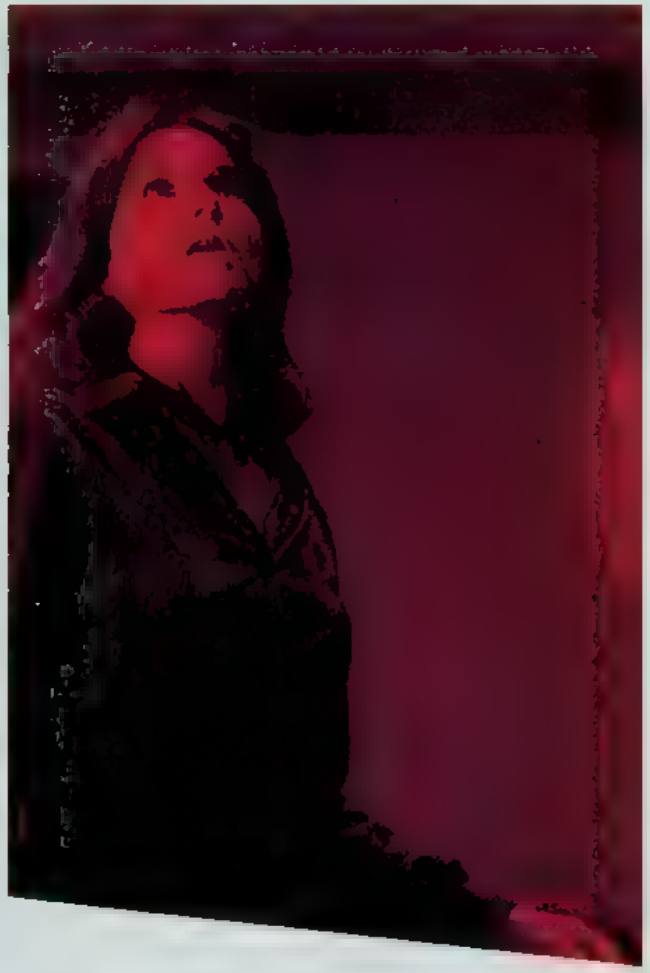
tensive interviews and cross reference. The one exception is the final experiment utilizing liquid nitrogen—an experiment which was conceptualized but never realized, due to the lack of appropriate financing.

The case study that DeFelitta participated in was controversial. The psychology department at a major university was also studying the case, and came up with their own conclusions. "Regardless of how you want to interpret the facts," DeFelitta cautions, "the events documented in this case really happened."

"Supposing the real Carla Moran story is true? Supposing her story *could* be true? After all, no one has proven that it isn't. Then that's what this picture is all about."

What happened is actually rather routine, if suspension of disbelief is not a hard concept to deal with. In 1975 a young woman, Carla Moran, who lived alone with her three children in the outskirts of Los Angeles, was brutally attacked. The incident took place in her bedroom while her children slept in the next room. What was strange about this particular assault was that the attacker was invisible. Some unseen thing had entered Carla Moran's house, beat her around the head and mouth, abused her and then left. If the incident had stopped here, it could have conceivably been written off as the product of a troubled mind trying to cope with the responsibility of supporting a family, and coming to grips with the fears and anxieties that go with this sort of life-style. It didn't stop here.

From this initial encounter with her astral attacker, Carla Moran's life would never be the same. She was repeatedly attacked—in her car, in her sleep, in front of her children—her life had truly become a nightmare. Initially, she sought psychiatric help at a local university out-patient clinic. Although impressed by the severity and sheer volume of the bruises and bite marks that accompanied Carla's story, the general conclusion by the staff of psychologists was that injuries sustained by Carla were the result of a complex mental illness. To the resident doctors that examined her, Carla was a very sick woman. The manifestation of these bruises and marks were self-inflicted, occurring in a state of mind in which the victim is totally unaware of self or surroundings.



Left: stalking the entity
Right: the entity visits Carla very late one evening in her bedroom.

It wasn't until Carla interrupted a conversation between a pair of psychic researchers in a bookstore to explain the phenomenon she was experiencing, that the root of her problem took on another analytical viewpoint. After hearing Carla's story, these members of the parapsychology department at the aforementioned university, attempted to set up a controlled environment in Carla's bedroom, in order to see if they could experience and perhaps record the phenomenon that Carla was living through. She agreed, happy to find someone who did not feel that she was crazy after hearing her story.

An initial try proved to be a dud. It might have been the end of the story had Carla not convinced them to return and try again. This time the experiment was a success. Carla Moran was surrounded by a roomful of professional researchers, students and a skeptical Frank DeFelitta, all outfitted with recording devices of one sort or another. She began to invoke her demon, chiding him for his cowardice and reluctance to show himself in the presence of her "army." Her intense emotional outbursts eventually produced results. The entity appeared. At first the room was bombarded by wave after wave of colored lights. DeFelitta recalls, "It was almost as though fireworks were going off inside her room." Carla Moran invoked this entity to reveal itself. In a blinding flash, a form, which appeared to take on human characteristics, was revealed. This form constantly changed its shape. "At first someone would say 'Look there's a shoulder,' or 'can you see its head?' " According to DeFelitta's published account, "the entire event was completely unnerving."

The vivid account of this event as recorded in DeFelitta's book, did not go unnoticed by Harold Schneider, a producer who worked on such films as *Five Easy Pieces, Stay Hungry, Goin' South* and the award-winning *Days of Heaven*. He contacted DeFelitta and asked him if a screen adaptation had been written. It had. Given this initial go ahead, Schneider eventually was able to put together a package which included a strong story by DeFelitta, the directorial energy of Sidney J. Furie and the talents of actress Barbara Hershey, to star in the role of Carla Moran. Schneider's approach to selling the package was direct. "Supposing the real Carla Moran story is true?

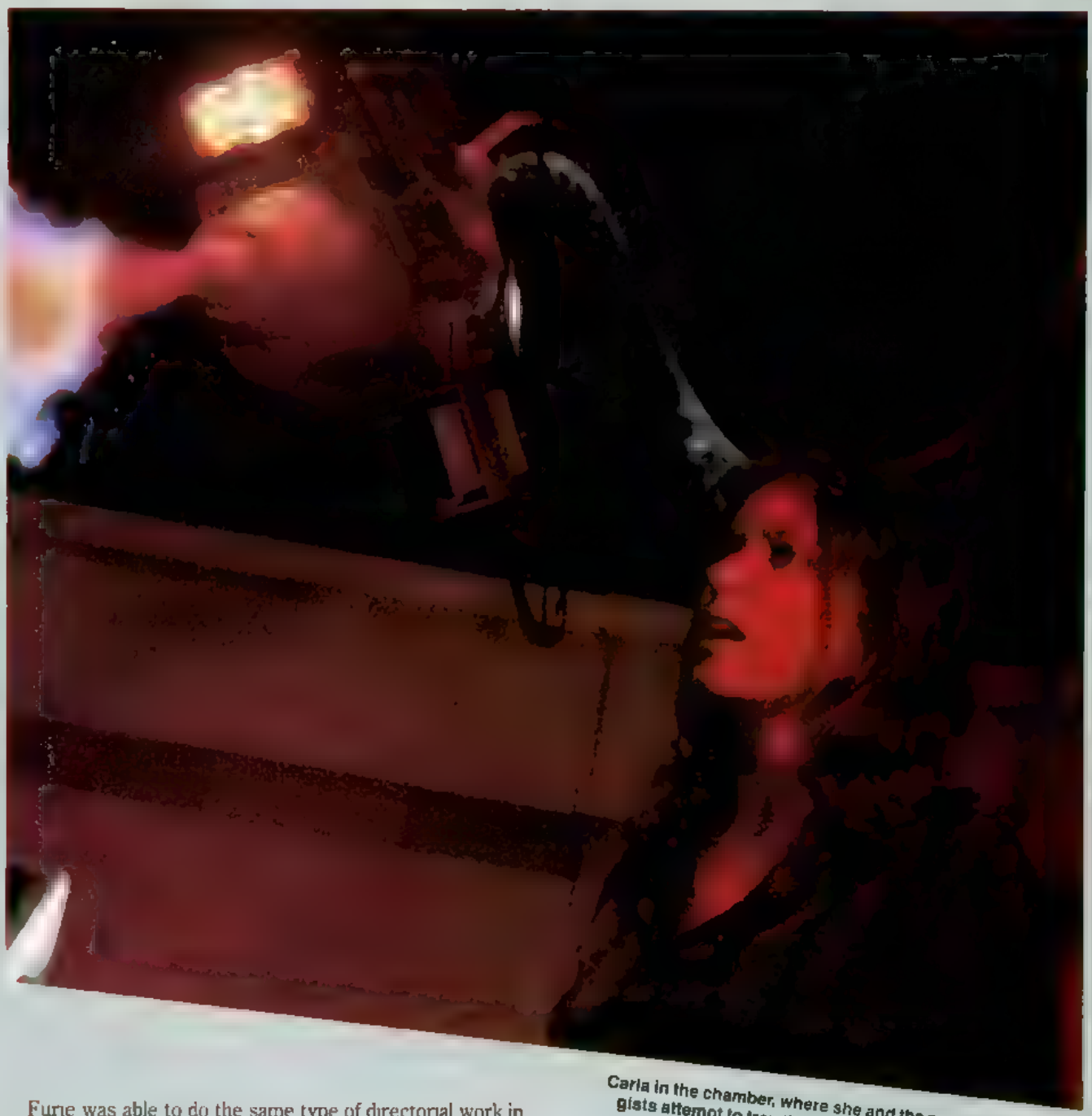
Carla's son, Billy (David Labiosa) is viciously attacked by the entity.

Supposing her story *could* be true? After all, no one has proven that it isn't. Then that's what this picture is all about."

The truth is what DeFelitta was selling in his novel, a truth he tried to recreate in his realistic low-key screenplay. He based most of his writing on intensive interviews with Carla Moran. "I used her ideas extensively, though not her literal background, because I had selected to do a novel which would allow me to use factual material in an entertaining way." There was more room for illusion in the novel, more room for dramatic tension. Filming events, such as the ones that happened to Carla Moran, require a more controlled approach. The incidents, which form the basis of the film, were documented in a large part by the parapsychology department studying the case. What the filmmakers tried to do is reproduce the events truthfully and convincingly: to document Carla's story without reverting to extreme improbability or exploitation. There is no attempt to inject homegrown theological philosophy, as in films such as Wes Craven's *Deadly Blessing* or John Hough's *The Incubus*. There is no illusion that this incident is the work of the Devil. *The Entity* follows a basic premise this "possession" could have happened to any woman, it did happen to Carla Moran.

The Entity is far closer in tone to *The Three Faces of Eve* and *Sybil* than to the current crop of slash films epitomized by *Friday the 13th*. The struggle of Carla Moran to defeat, or at least learn to live with her nightmarish existence, is the story of *The Entity*.

The selection of Sidney J. Furie as director was the first indication that *The Entity* was not just another thriller. Furie's career as a director is as distinguished as it is varied. His first critical success came in his filmed version of Len Deighton's classic cold war espionage thriller, *The Ipcress File*. He followed this with *The Appaloosa*, starring Marlon Brando, *The Naked Runner*, with Frank Sinatra, and the critically acclaimed *Lady Sings the Blues*, with Diana Ross. What distinguishes Furie's work is his strong visual sense, combined with his ability to pull remarkable performances from his actors. Frank Sinatra was so impressed with Furie's work on *Ipcress File*, which won for him the equivalent of the British Oscar for Best Director, that he requested him as director of *The Naked Runner*. Richard Pryor gave remarkable performances in both *Lady Sings the Blues* and the underrated thriller, *Hit*, also directed by Furie



Carla in the chamber, where she and the parapsychologists attempt to trap the entity using liquid nitrogen.

Furie was able to do the same type of directorial work in his filming of *The Entity*. Barbara Hershey gives credit to Furie for making her controversial and highly physical role in this film work. "Sidney Furie really unleashed me, and I really felt free. Free to say anything, to try anything." But pulling performances from actors is not the sole talent in Furie's directorial repertoire. His selection of obtuse camera angles and flash editing keep the viewer tense. This visual style paves the way for the excesses of the acting, and in a way allows for a greater suspension of disbelief.

Barbara Hershey found herself completely captivated by the character of Carla Moran. Since the character she played in the movie was based on a real person, and since the real "Carla Moran" was living close by, Barbara Hershey took the opportunity to spend time with her, trying to understand the emotional and physical trauma that she went through in 1975, and continues to go through seven years later. This firsthand research paid off. Barbara Hershey is remarkable as Carla Moran. The total commitment to reality sought for in the film is nowhere better exemplified than in Hershey's performance. Imagine the difficulty of acting out a scene in which someone attacks you. Now imagine having to act the same role alone. Not once, but time after time. "To tell the truth, I was a little afraid of going in," Hershey admits. "It's a very physical role, and I like that, because your intellect doesn't get in the way. But, I was more afraid that it might affect me psychologically, working twelve hours a day, experiencing that kind of emotional strain." It is interesting to note that in Carla Moran's case, the entity is not the only factor exploiting the situation. What is evident through Hershey's performance is the fact that both the psychologists and parapsychologists are using Carla for their own needs. When she no longer has any value or does not fit into their established patterns, she is discarded.

In the final analysis of *The Entity*, it is apparent that the only person able to provide a workable solution to Carla's problem, is Carla herself. The experiments to contain the entity were a failure. The attitude of the psychological community is that the problem rests deep within Carla's subconscious mind. Seeing that the attacks have continued without interruption (although with less severity) from her initial encounter in 1975 to the present, regardless of where she lived or what her mental and financial state was at any given time, Carla Moran had to come to some understanding of the situation. She had to try and accept it.

Underneath the polish and veneer of his work, DeFelitta is also an educator. An earlier book that he wrote, *Audrey Rose*, dealt with the subject of reincarnation. It also was based on real incidents and was turned into a film. "I truly believe in the concept of reincarnation. And if I am able to convey this philosophy to the readers of my books, then so much the better. I cannot tell you of the number of letters I have received from people who have read *Audrey Rose*, telling me of similar experiences. And those people have thanked me for writing the book and making this difficult concept make sense." DeFelitta entered the world of *The Entity* with an educator's mind. "When I see something that I am later convinced could not have been produced from my world—the world that I know, that I can comprehend and perceive—then I am scared." Out of this initial fright comes the need to understand the phenomenon and explain it. In this way, Frank DeFelitta may educate someone who has similar experiences. His book and the film succeed in making sense of this improbable situation. If it opens the door to the possibility that there is more to the universe than what is easily perceived, then Frank DeFelitta feels that his work is successful.

I'M AGE

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AND FINALLY THERE EMERGED INTELLIGENT, CLEAR-THINKING CREATURES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH

BUT BECAUSE THERE ALSO EMERGED **GRAVITY**, SOCKS WEREN'T NEEDED.

IF IT WASN'T FOR GRAVITY, I'D KEEP MY MONEY IN A SOCK.

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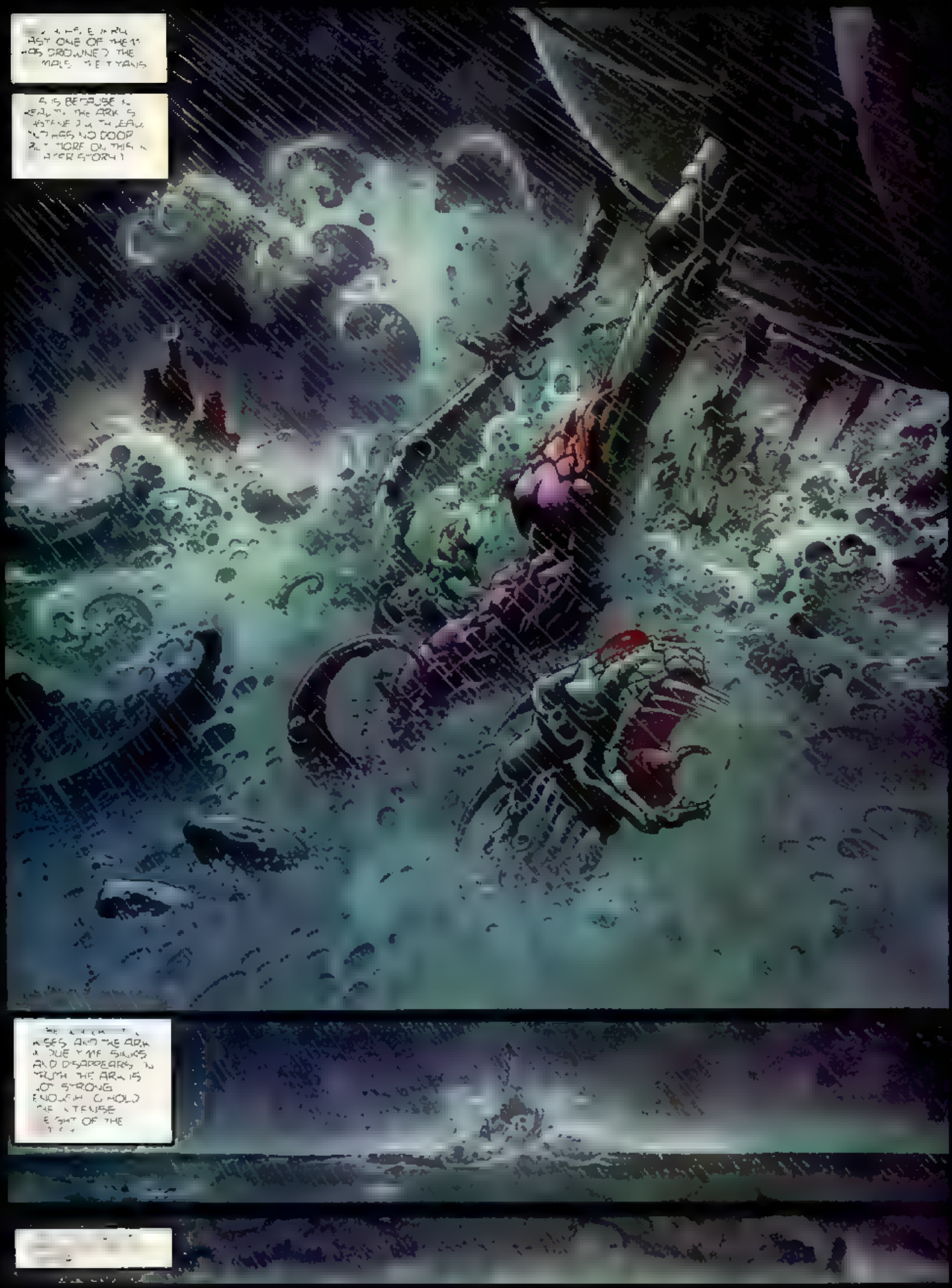
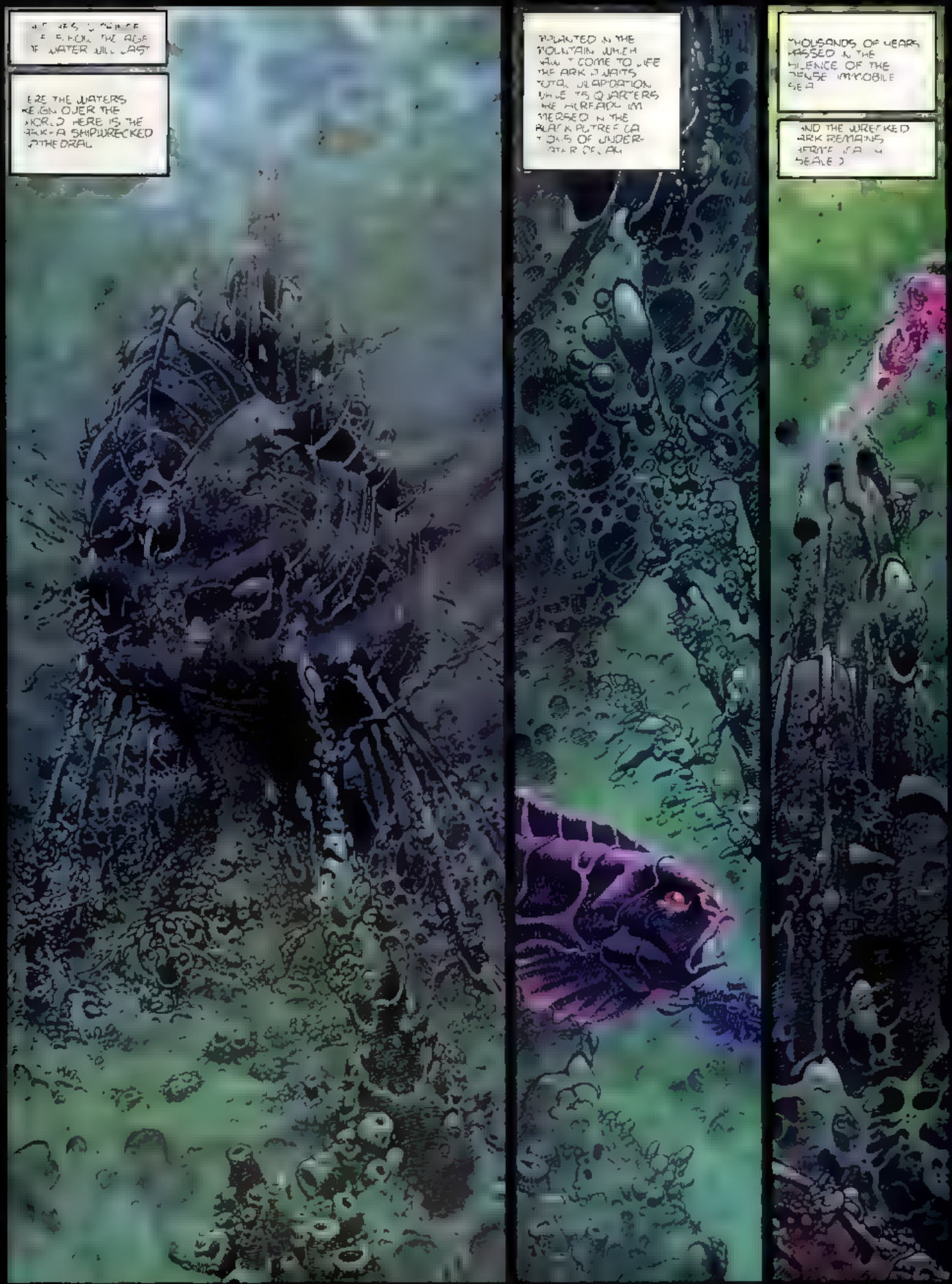
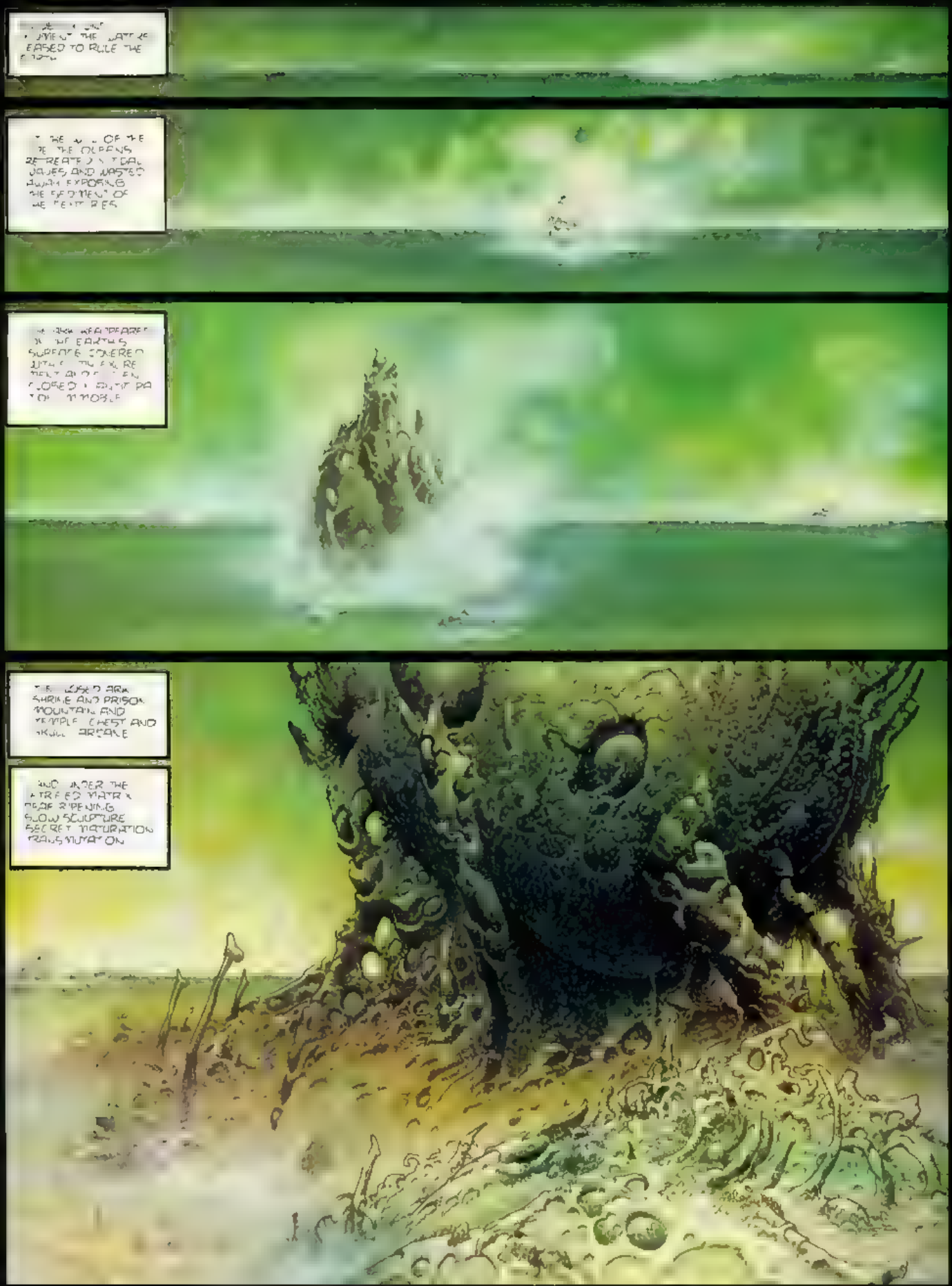
THE ARK

[illegible]
[illegible] CLOSED?
[illegible] ALIVE? [illegible] AND DED BY THE [illegible] MORAL JOICE OF [illegible] ARE AL [illegible] THERE


LAST ONE OF THEM HAS DROWNED THE MALE TETYANS
AS BECAUSE A REALM, THE ARK IS HISTORIC IN THE LEAD. NO MESS NO LOOP BUT MORE ON THIS IN LATER STORY!
HE ENTER THE WAVES AND THE ARK IS DUE TIME SINKS AND DISAPPEARS IN TRUTH THE ARK IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE INTENSE WEIGHT OF THE


IF HERE'S PEACE
E FROM THE AGE
F WATER WILL LAST
ERE THE WATERS
REIGN OVER THE
ORLD HERE IS THE
ARK-A SHIPWRECKED
CATHEDRAL
PLANTED IN THE
OUNTAIN WHICH
AW TO COME TO LIFE
THE ARK WAITS
UTAL VEGETATION
WHILE ITS QUARTERS
RE NOW HALF IM-
MERSED IN THE
BLACK PUTRID LA
OONS OF UNDER-
WATER DEATH
THOUSANDS OF YEARS
PASSED IN THE
SILENCE OF THE
DENSE IMMOBILE
SEA
AND THE WRECKED
ARK REMAINS
AFLOAT ON A
CALM


EASED TO RULE THE
THE OLDENS
RETREATED TO TIDAL
VALVES AND WASTED
AWAY EXPOSING
THE SEDIMENT OF
THE DEEP BED
SURFACE COVERED
WITH THE FIRE
MELT AND
FLOOD
TOO IMMOBILE
THE LOST ARK
SHRINE AND PRISON
MOUNTAIN AND
TEMPLE CHEST AND
SKULL ARCANE
AND UNDER THE
TREED WATER
DEAF RIPENING
SLOW SCULPTURE
SECRET MATURATION
TRANSMUTATION

AND STILL EVAPORA-
TION DESSICATION
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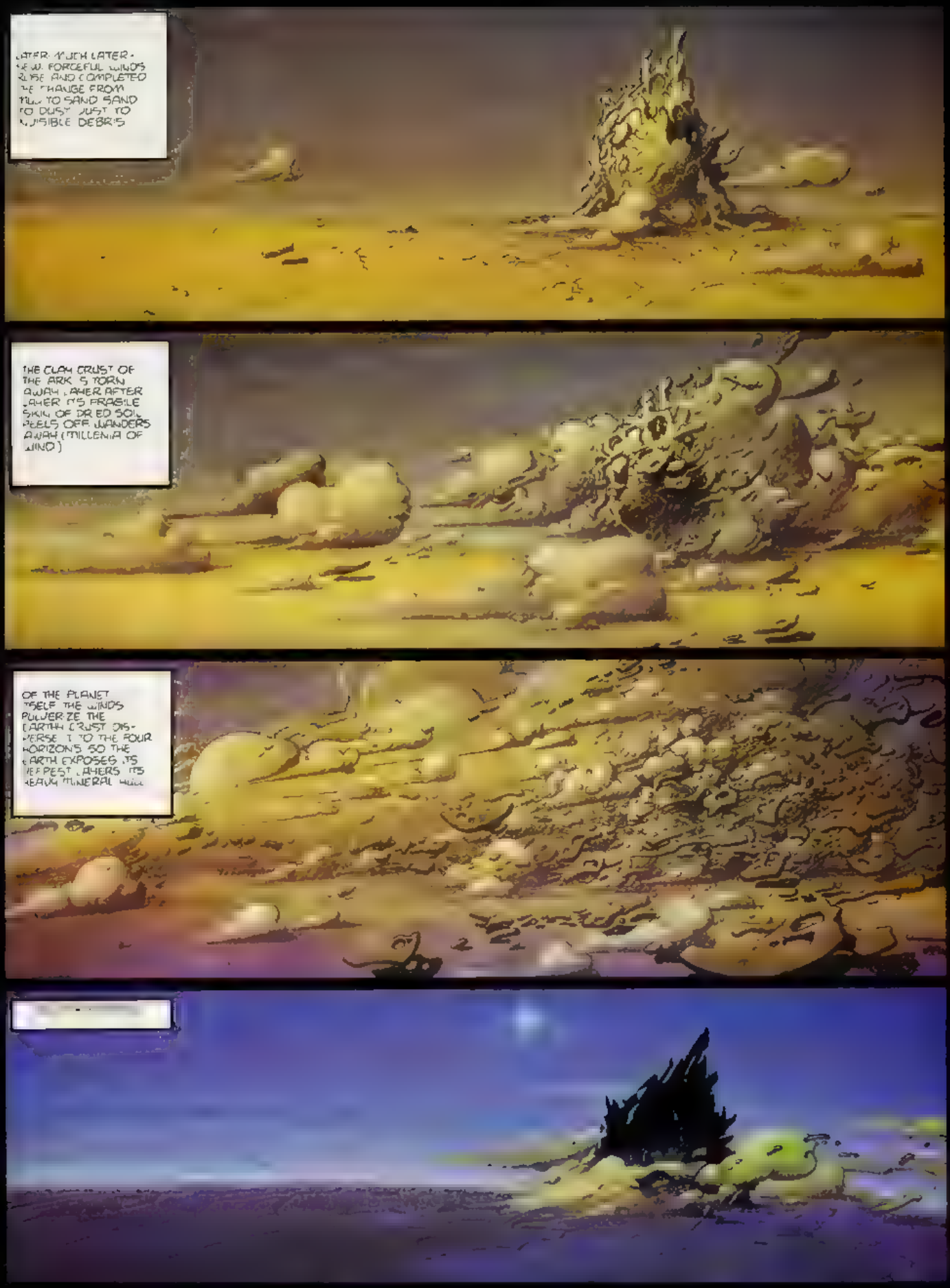
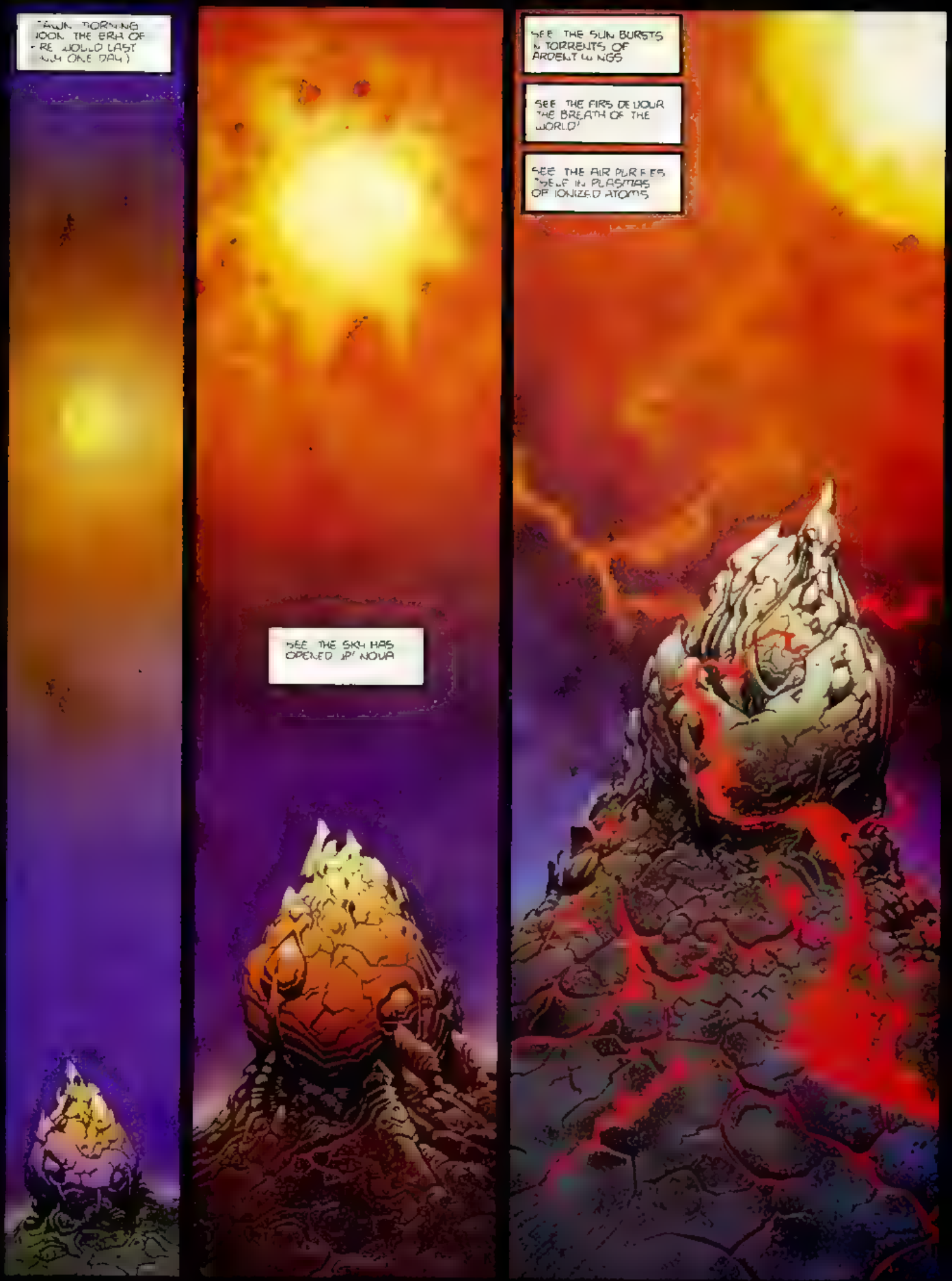
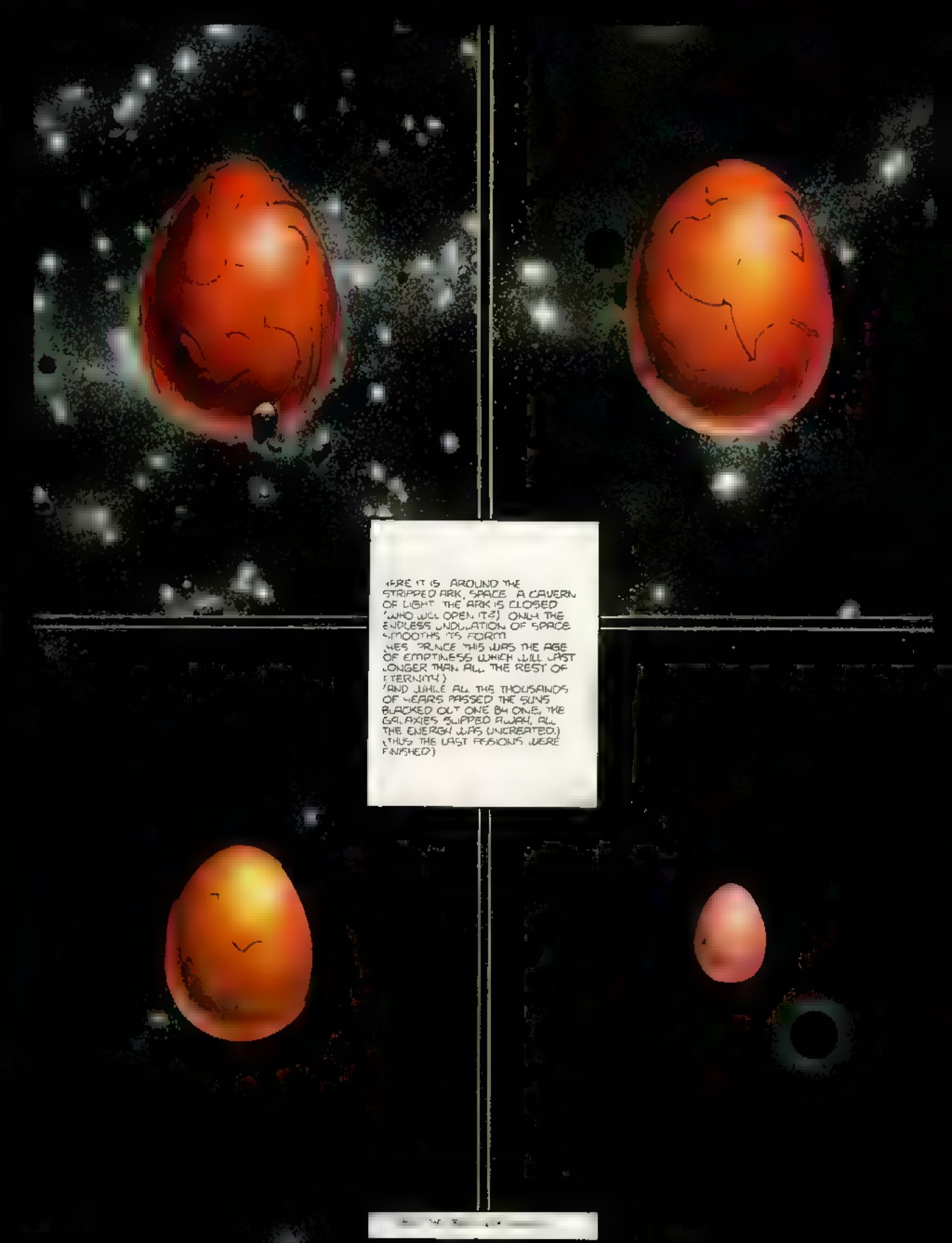
LAST LIQUID MOLE
CULES SAND AND
SILT

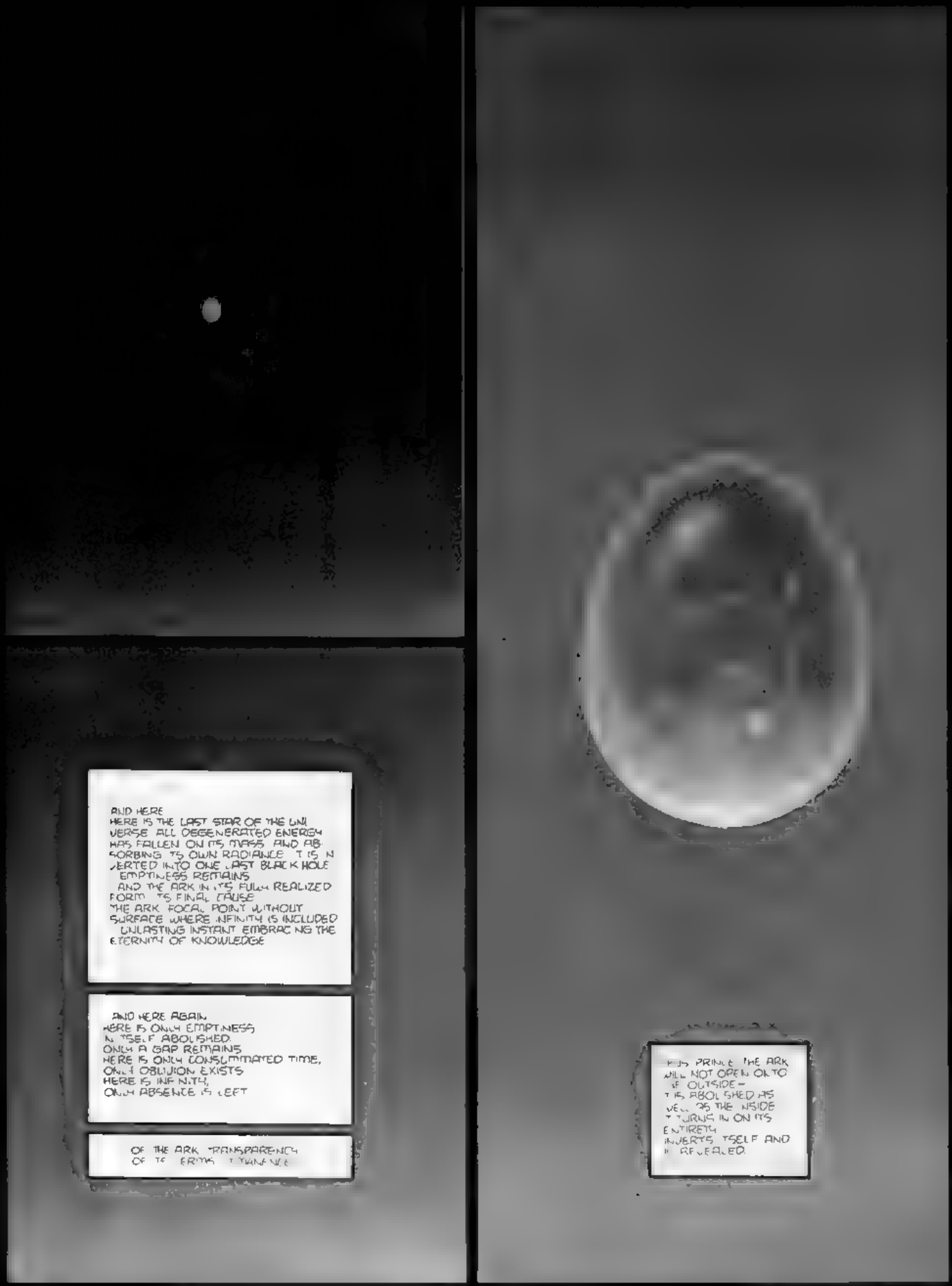

LATER. MUCH LATER. FEW FORCEFUL WINDS RISE AND COMPLETED THE CHANGE FROM MUD TO SAND SAND TO DUST JUST TO INVISIBLE DEBRIS
THE CLAY CRUST OF THE ARK'S TORN AWAY. LAYER AFTER LAYER ITS FRAGILE SKIN OF DRIED SOIL PEELS OFF. WANDERS AWAY (MILLENIA OF WIND)
OF THE PLANET ITSELF THE WINDS PULVERIZE THE EARTH CRUST DISPERSE IT TO THE FOUR HORIZONS SO THE EARTH EXPOSES ITS DEEPEST LAYERS ITS HEAVY MINERAL HEART

RESURRECTION IN THE SPARKLING AIR
THIS THE ARK DE-
JERED FROM ITS
ORBIT OF CHALK
STONE THE RARIFIED
BLUE REJOICES TO
LIBERATE CRUSTA
CEANS TO MEN
TH (BUT STILL
MASQUE THE TIME
OF RE ELATION
HAS COME AT
LAST)
THUS THE AGE OF
AIR OF CLEAR AND
COLD NIGHT OF PUR
IFICATION OF CORR-
UPTION A CRYSTAL
LED REALM)
MILLIONS OF YEARS PA
SED IN THE INSTANT OF
DAWN

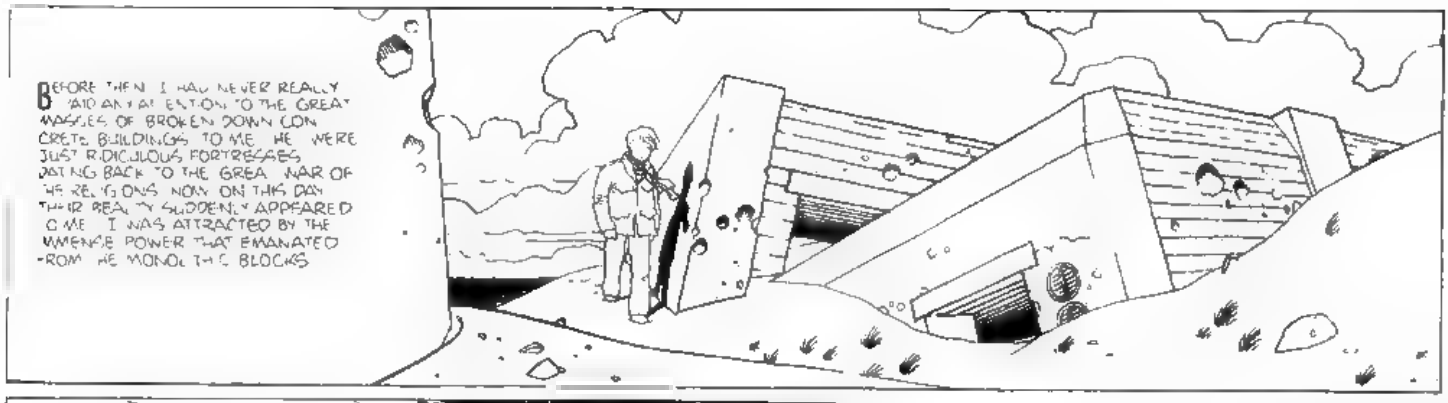

DAWN THORNING
LOOK THE ERA OF
RE WOULD LAST
ONE DAY)
SEE THE SKY HAS
OPENED UP NOVA
SEE THE SUN BURSTS
N TORRENTS OF
ARDENT WINGS
SEE THE FIRS DEVOUR
THE BREATH OF THE
WORLD!
SEE THE AIR PURIFIES
SELF IN PLASMAS
OF IONIZED ATOMS

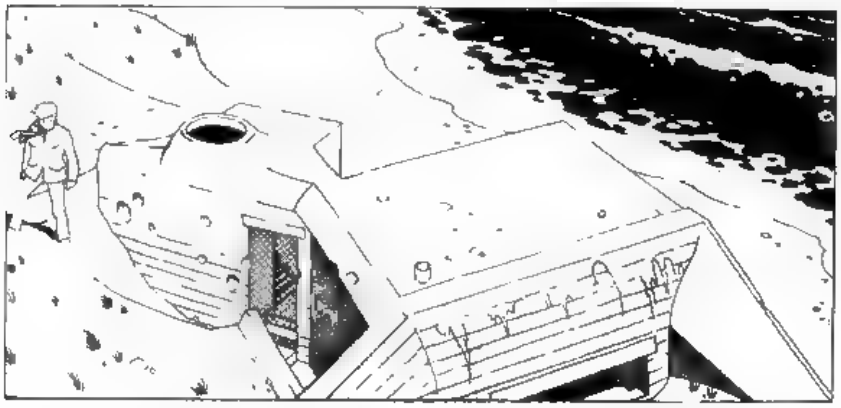
HERE IT IS! THE WORLD IS CHARRED TO THE CORE AND THE SUN IS FADING. HOLOCAUST OF AN ASTER O ASHES OF THE EARTH O POWDER OF THE SUN! O SILENCE!


HERE IT IS. AROUND THE STRIPPED ARK, SPACE. A CAVERN OF LIGHT. THE ARK IS CLOSED. (WHO WILL OPEN IT?) ONLY THE ENDLESS UNDULATION OF SPACE SMOOTHS ITS FORM.
(YES. PRIOR TO THIS WAS THE AGE OF EMPTINESS WHICH WILL LAST LONGER THAN ALL THE REST OF ETERNITY.)
(AND WHILE ALL THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS PASSED THE SUNS BLACKED OUT ONE BY ONE, THE GALAXIES SLIPPED AWAY, ALL THE ENERGY WAS UNCREATED.)
(THUS THE LAST VISIONS WERE FINISHED.)


AND HERE
HERE IS THE LAST STAR OF THE UNI
VERSE ALL DEGENERATED ENERGY
HAS FALLEN ON ITS MASS AND AB
SORBING ITS OWN RADIANCE IT IS IN
VERTED INTO ONE LAST BLACK HOLE
EMPTINESS REMAINS
AND THE ARK IN ITS FULLY REALIZED
FORM ITS FINAL CAUSE
THE ARK FOCAL POINT WITHOUT
SURFACE WHERE INFINITY IS INCLUDED
UNLASTING INSTANT EMBRACING THE
ETERNITY OF KNOWLEDGE
AND HERE AGAIN
HERE IS ONLY EMPTINESS
IN ITSELF ABOLISHED
ONLY A GAP REMAINS
HERE IS ONLY CONSUMMATED TIME,
ONLY OBLIVION EXISTS
HERE IS INFINITY,
ONLY ABSENCE IS LEFT
OF THE ARK TRANSPARENCY
THE ARK WILL NOT OPEN ONTO
IF OUTSIDE—
IT IS ABOLISHED AS
WELL AS THE INSIDE
IT TURNS IN ON ITS
ENTIRETY
INVERTS ITSELF AND
IS REVEALED

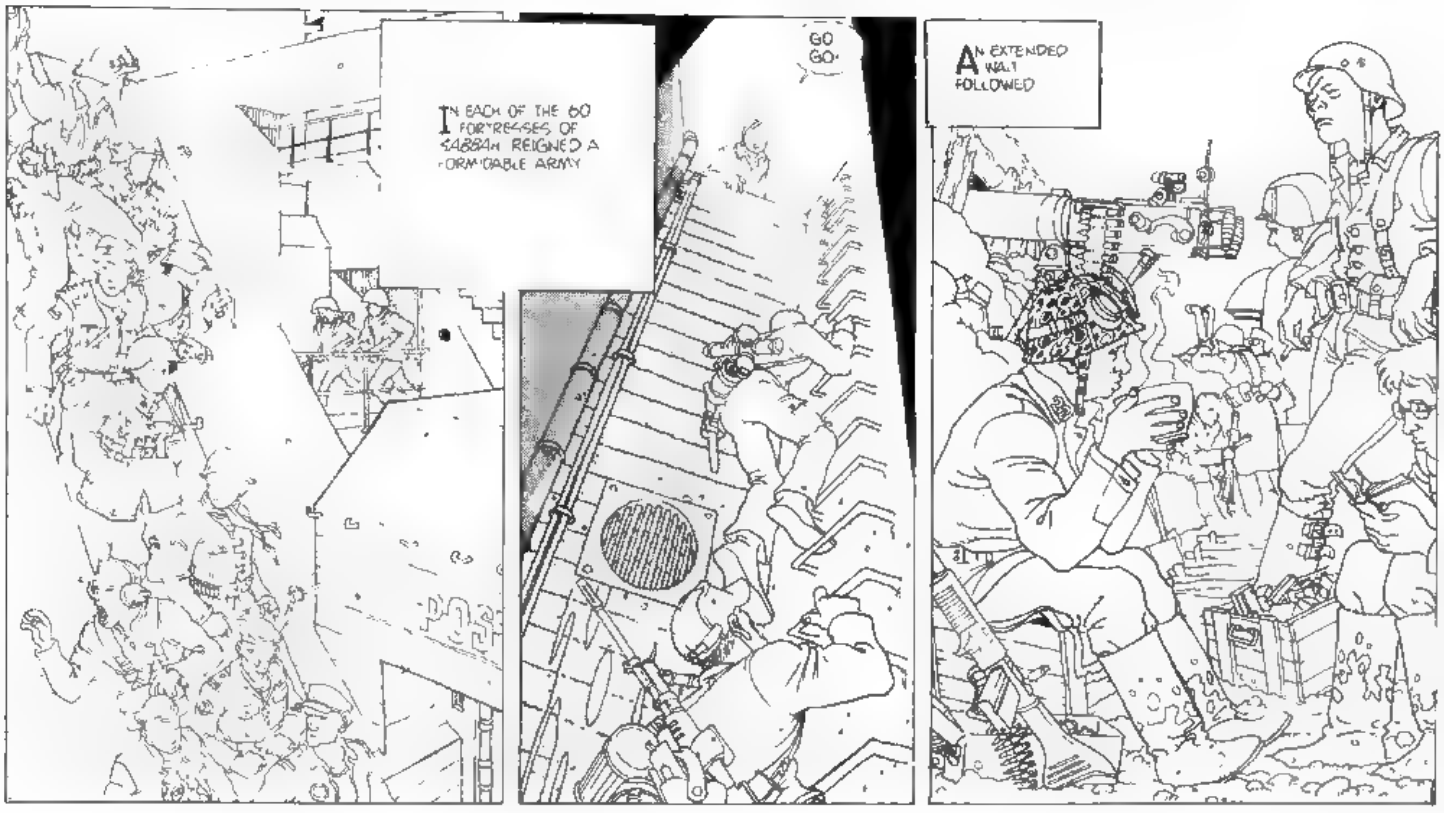
SO SO HERE IS THE ONE THAT WAS INTEGRATED WITH ETERNITY
HERE IS WHERE OPPOSITES CONVERGE
HERE FINALLY RECOMPOSED THE ULTIMATE PRINCIPAL OF THE LIVING UNIVERSE ALPHA AND OMEGA
HERE IS THE ARK
CAZA

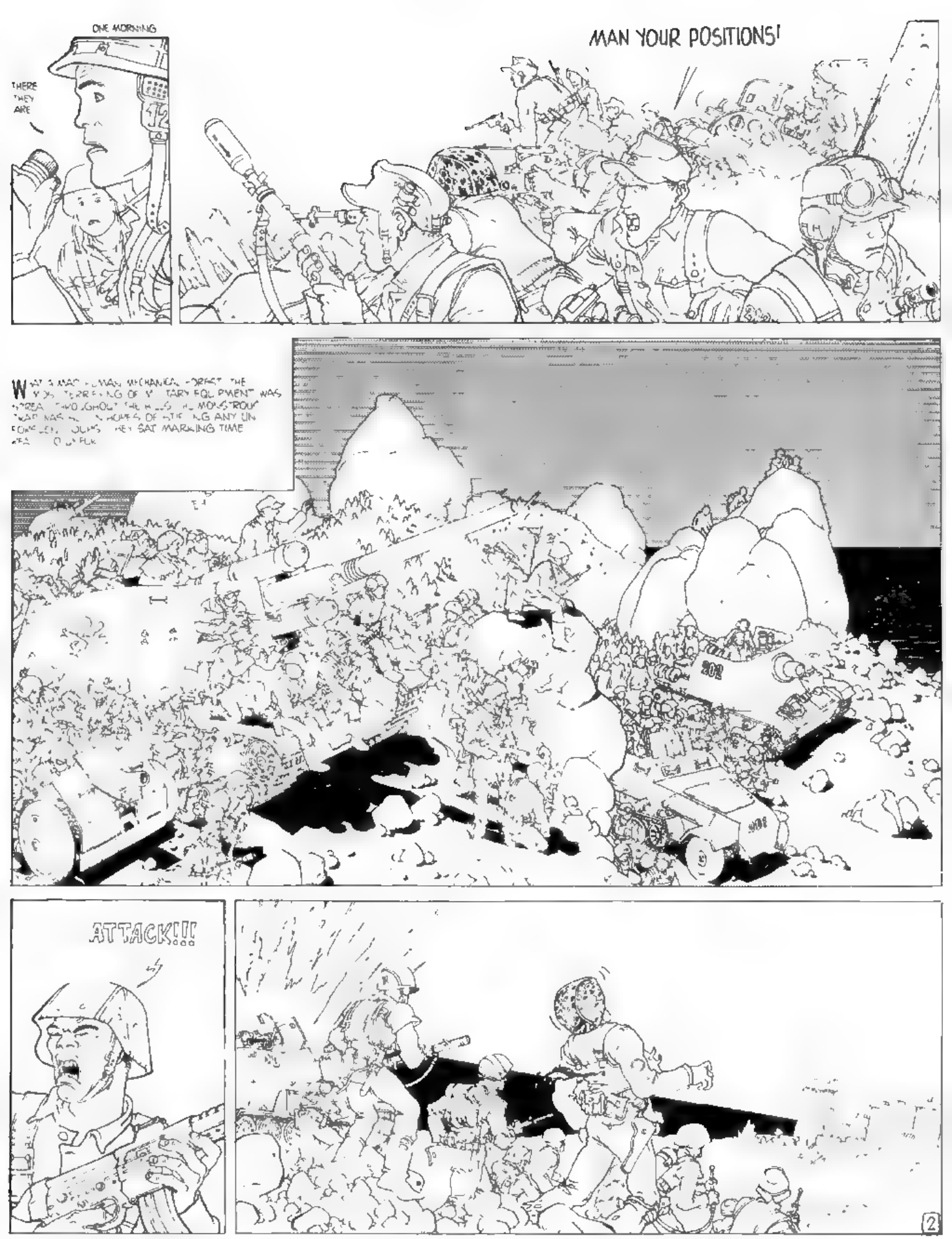

BEFORE THEN I HAD NEVER REALLY PAID ANY ATTENTION TO THE GREAT MASSES OF BROKEN DOWN CONCRETE BUILDINGS TO ME THEY WERE JUST RIDICULOUS FORTRESSES DATING BACK TO THE GREAT WAR OF THE RELIGIONS NOW ON THIS DAY THEIR REALITY SUDDENLY APPEARED TO ME I WAS ATTRACTED BY THE IMMENSE POWER THAT EMANATED FROM THE MONOLITHIC BLOCKS

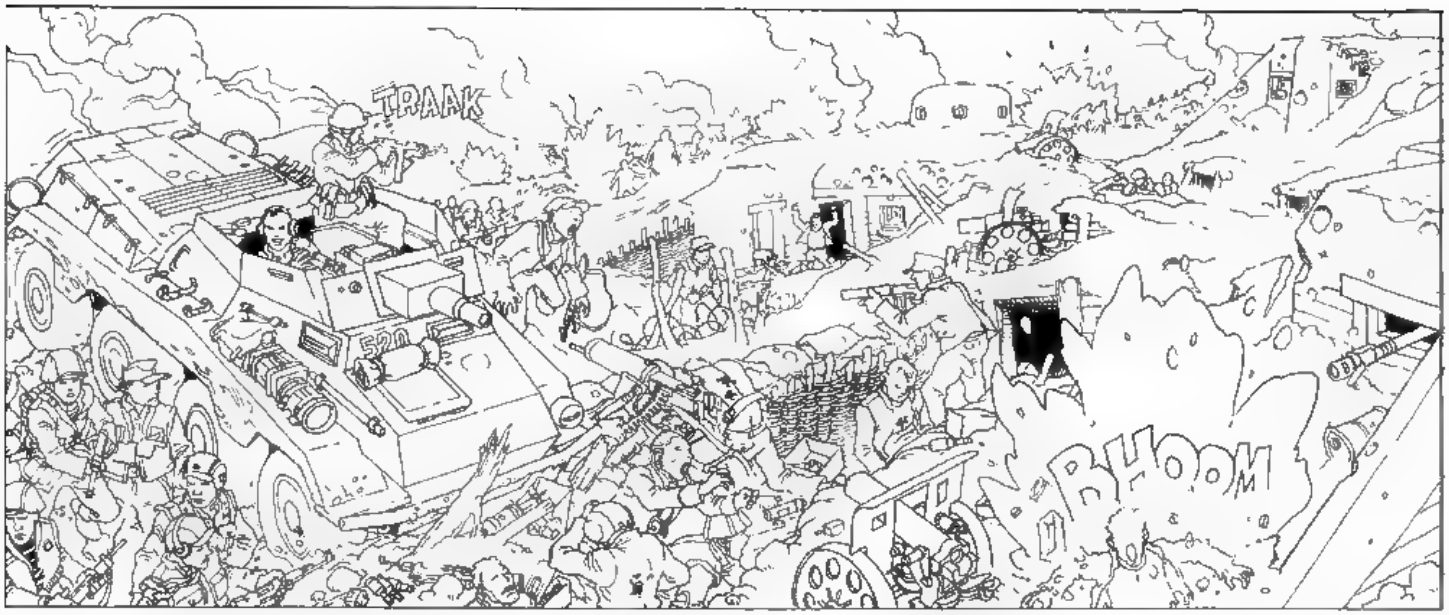


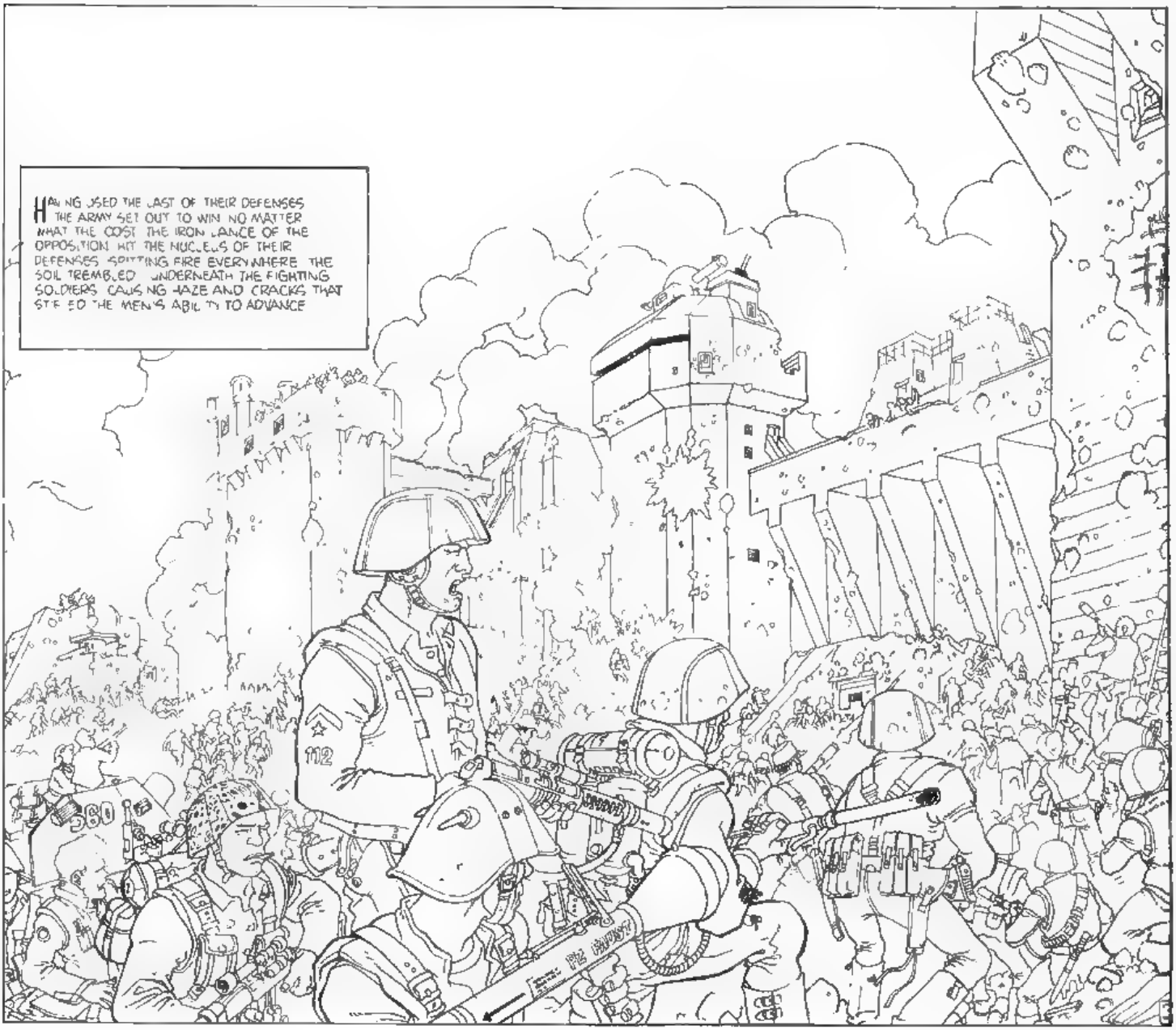
IT WAS NOT WITHOUT DIFFICULTY THAT I UNHINGED THE LOCK ON THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR, THAT HAD BEEN RUSTED SHUT SO MANY WEEKS AGO I GOT INSIDE ONE TINY DAMP ROOM WHERE THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THE PARTITIONS BROKE THE THREAD OF TIME AND LEFT ME ALL ALONE ALONE TO FACE HISTORY

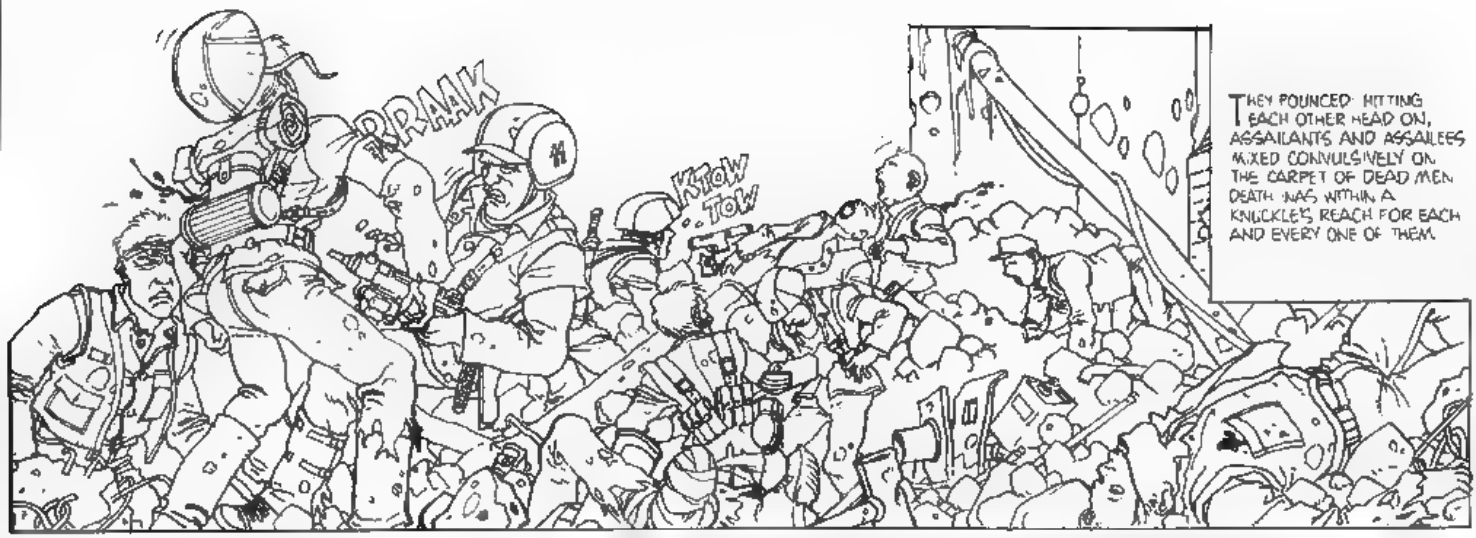
THE OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN




ONE MORNING
THERE THEY ARE
MAN YOUR POSITIONS!
ATTACK!!!
2

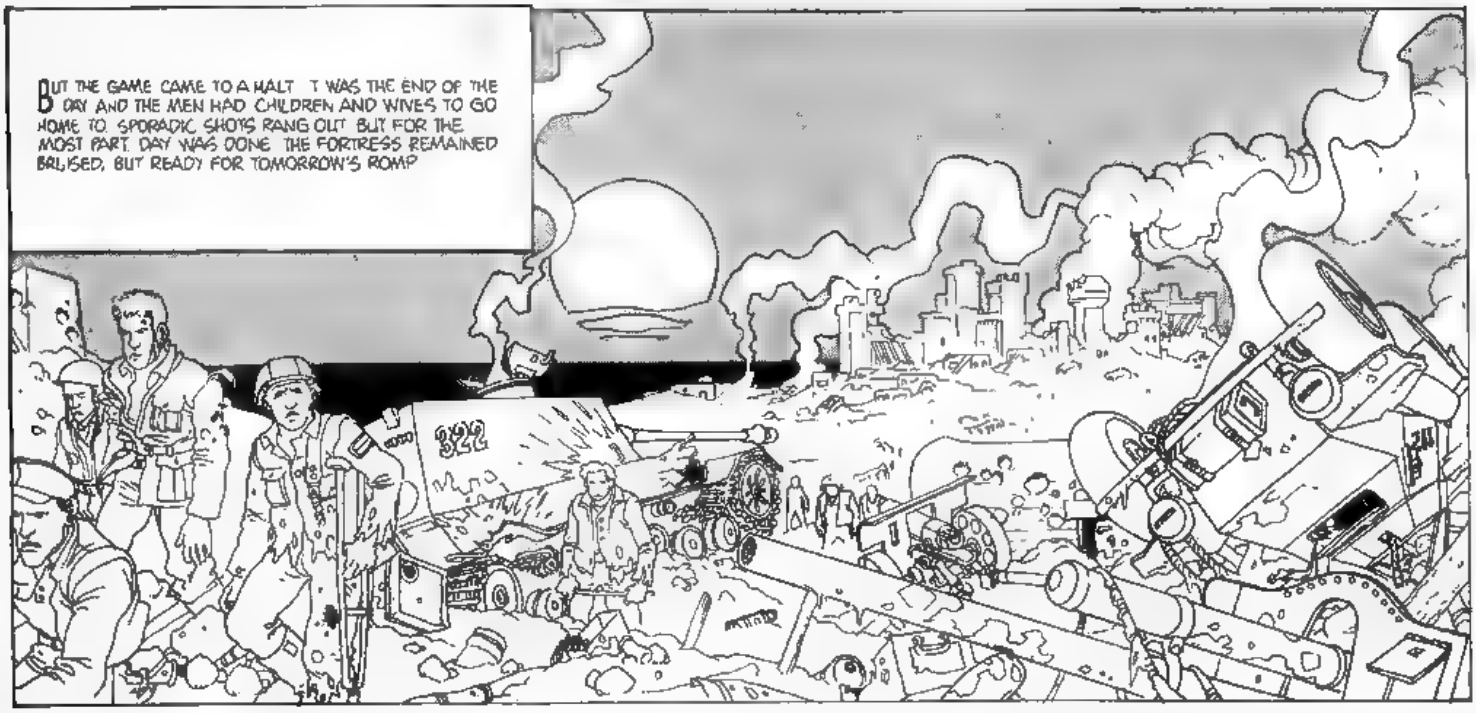

TRAAK
520
BUOOM

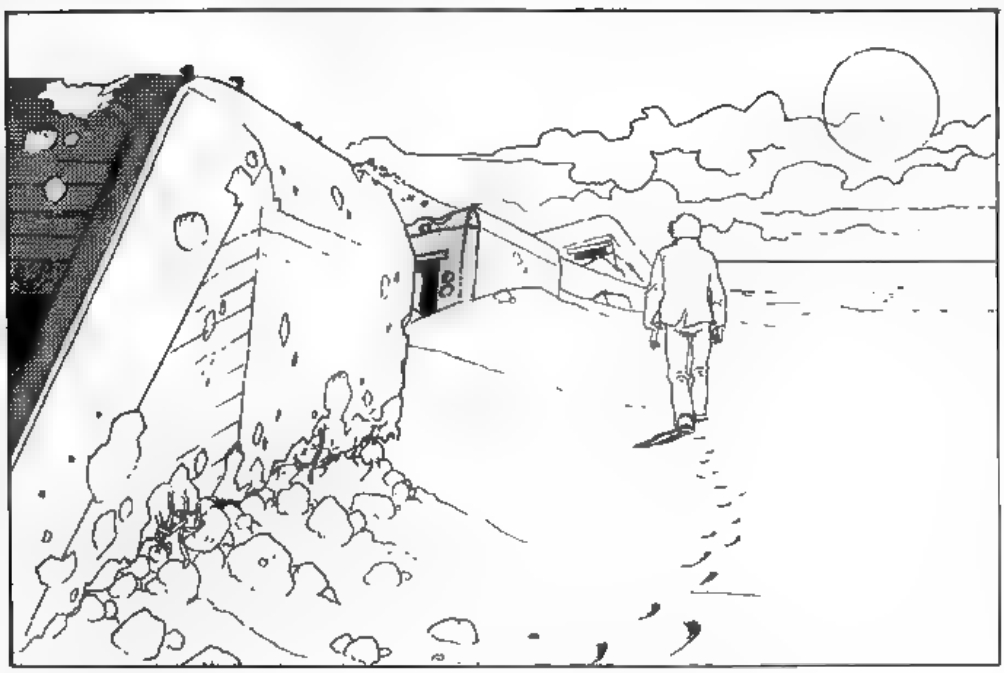

HAVING USED THE LAST OF THEIR DEFENSES THE ARMY SET OUT TO WIN NO MATTER WHAT THE COST THE IRON LANCE OF THE OPPOSITION HIT THE NUCLEUS OF THEIR DEFENSES SPITTING FIRE EVERYWHERE THE SOIL TREMBLED UNDERNEATH THE FIGHTING SOLDIERS CAUSING HAZE AND CRACKS THAT STIFLED THE MEN'S ABILITY TO ADVANCE
112
360



THEY POUNCED HITTING EACH OTHER HEAD ON, ASSAILANTS AND ASSAILEES MIXED CONVULSIVELY ON THE CARPET OF DEAD MEN. DEATH WAS WITHIN A KNUCKLE'S REACH FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM.

BUT THE GAME CAME TO A HALT. IT WAS THE END OF THE DAY AND THE MEN HAD CHILDREN AND WIVES TO GO HOME TO. SPORADIC SHOTS RANG OUT. BUT FOR THE MOST PART, DAY WAS DONE. THE FORTRESS REMAINED BRUISED, BUT READY FOR TOMORROW'S ROMP.





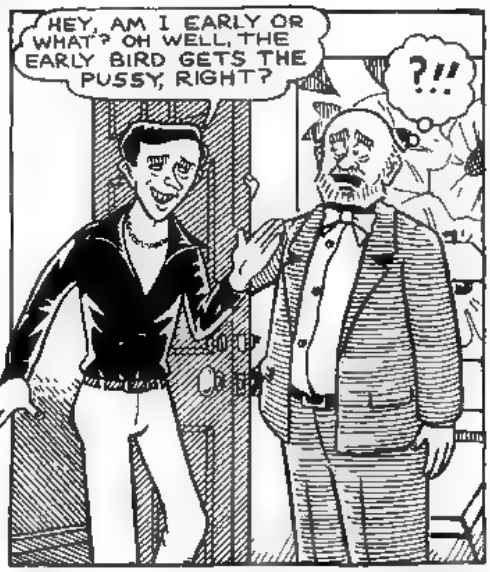
NONE OF THE FORTRESSES OF SABBAH EVER FELL. THEY WERE BUILT FOR ONE PURPOSE. TO BED THE WEARY SOLDIERS WHO PREPARE FOR THE NEXT DAY'S BATTLE.

END

HOLLYWOOD WHERE SEX HUNGER IS REFLECTED IN EVERY ASPECT OF DAILY LIFE. RAMPANT VICE AND VIOLENCE PERMEATE EVERY STRATA OF SOCIETY. AND THE BARRIER BETWEEN FOOD AND SEX HAS TOTALLY DISSOLVED.

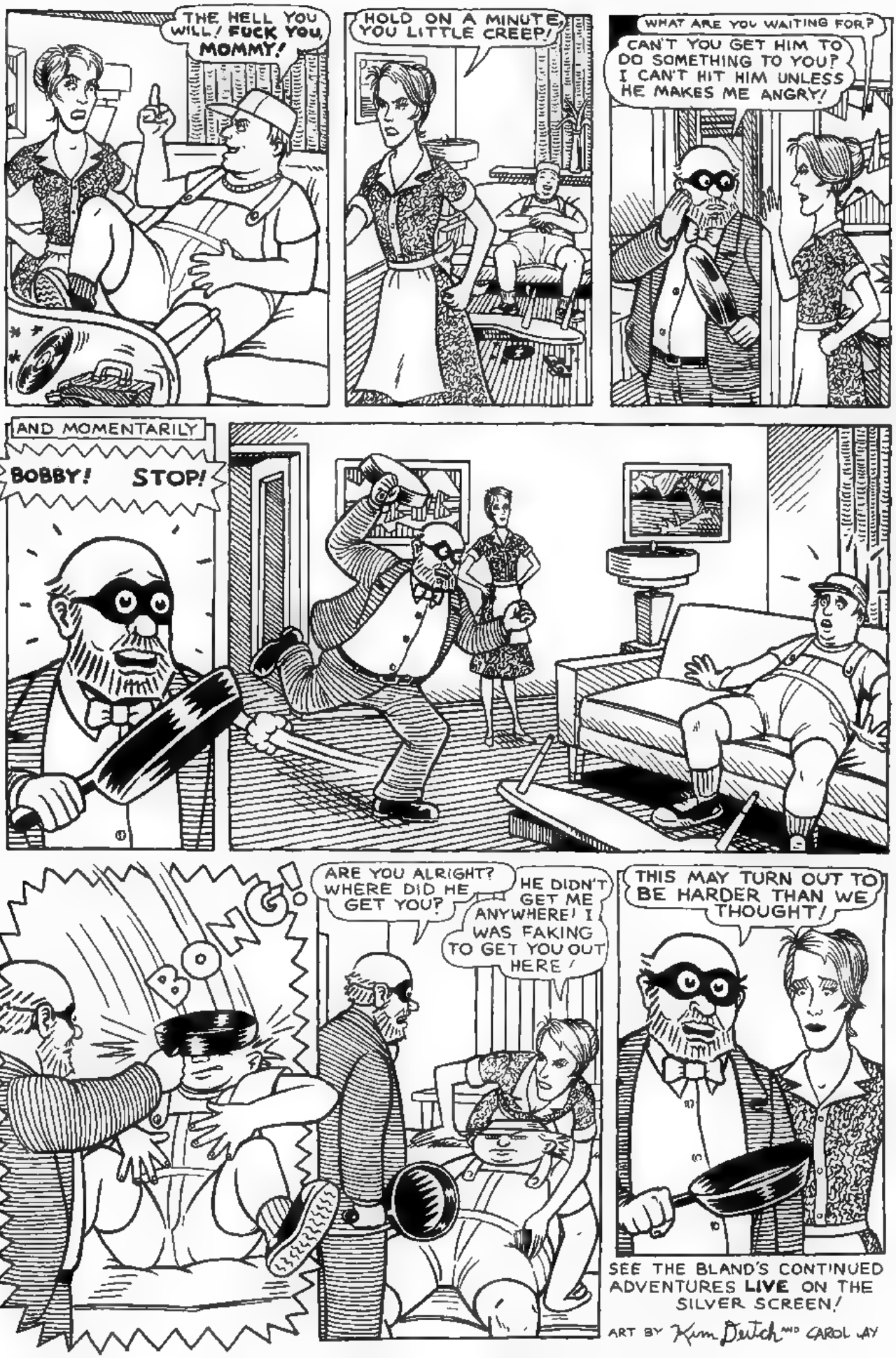
EATING RAOUL

I HAD ANOTHER IDEA FOR THE RESTAURANT'S NAME. I KNOW YOU LIKE CHEZ BLAND, BUT HOW DOES PAUL AND MARY'S COUNTRY KITCHEN SOUND?
I HOPE WE'RE NOT BEING PREMATURE ABOUT THIS!



YOU GET OUT OF HERE!
WHY? YOU'RE NOT FUCKIN' HER! BESIDES I WAS INVITED HERE SO JUST GO FUCK YOURSELF, CHARLIE!
NOW WHERE WERE WE, BABY?
PAUL! HELP!
PAUL GRABS A FRYING PAN FROM THE KITCHEN.
AND IN A FLURRY OF FURY, REPEATEDLY CLOBBERS THE SEEDY SWINGER!
BONG!
BONG!
BONG!
PAUL! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
OH SHIT! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED!
MARY LOOK! THERE'S OVER 600 DOLLARS IN THIS GUY'S WALLET!
PAUL, THAT'S THE EASIEST MONEY WE'VE EVER MADE
BUT WE JUST KILLED A MAN!
NOT A MAN, JUST A SEX CRAZED MANIAC THAT NOBODY WILL MISS.

I WONDER HOW MUCH WE COULD MAKE IF WE REALLY PUT OUR MINDS TO IT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THIS CITY IS FULL OF RICH PERVERTS. IF WE COULD SOMEHOW GET THEM TO COME TO OUR APARTMENT..
BUT WE'D HAVE TO LURE THEM WITH....
SEX!
WE WOULDN'T REALLY..I MEAN WE WOULDN'T ACTUALLY DO ANYTHING WITH THEM?
OF COURSE NOT! AS SOON AS THEY TRY SOMETHING, WE BOP THEM WITH THE FRYING PAN!
AND SOON...
WE DO ANYTHING
NAUGHTY NANCY
CRUEL CARLA
"TWO OF OUR MOST POPULAR ROUTINES"
WHATEVER YOUR SEX FANTASIES, FROM THE ORDINARY TO THE MOST BIZARRE, CARLA AND NANCY WILL ACCOMODATE YOU! SEND FANTASIES, PHOTO, ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER TO:
SWINGER'S PARADISE
1171 YUCCA STREET - BOX 1171 - HOLLYWOOD
PAUL AND MARY'S AD DOES THE TRICK-AND HOW!
HELLO, BOBBY R? THIS IS YOUR MOTHER, CRUEL CARLA, CALLING!
MEANER!
YOU LITTLE WORM!
DEAR MOMMY, HERE IS AN INDECENT PICTURE OF ME AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE BEEN VERY BAD AND I HOPE YOU WILL DISCIPLINE ME SOON! BOBBY R.
Cruel Carla, I want to see your panties from my Polo drawn so I would be so wooly them down with a golden (cover)
NANCY, YOU NAUGHTY LITTLE WHORE
THAT NIGHT
I'VE BEEN BAD HAVEN'T I, MOMMY? ARE YOU GONNA SPANK ME?
YES, BOBBY, YOU HAVE BEEN BAD AND I AM GOING TO SPANK YOU


THE HELL YOU WILL! FUCK YOU, MOMMY!
HOLD ON A MINUTE, YOU LITTLE CREEP!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
CAN'T YOU GET HIM TO DO SOMETHING TO YOU? I CAN'T HIT HIM UNLESS HE MAKES ME ANGRY!
AND MOMENTARILY
BOBBY! STOP!
BONG!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHERE DID HE GET YOU?
HE DIDN'T GET ME ANYWHERE! I WAS FAKING TO GET YOU OUT HERE!
THIS MAY TURN OUT TO BE HARDER THAN WE THOUGHT!

SEE THE BLAND'S CONTINUED ADVENTURES **LIVE** ON THE SILVER SCREEN!

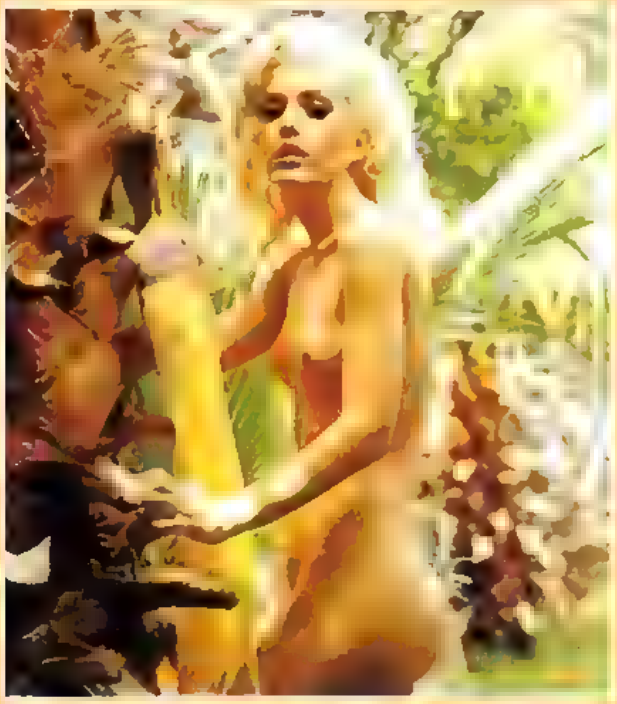
ART BY Kim Deitch AND CAROL JAY

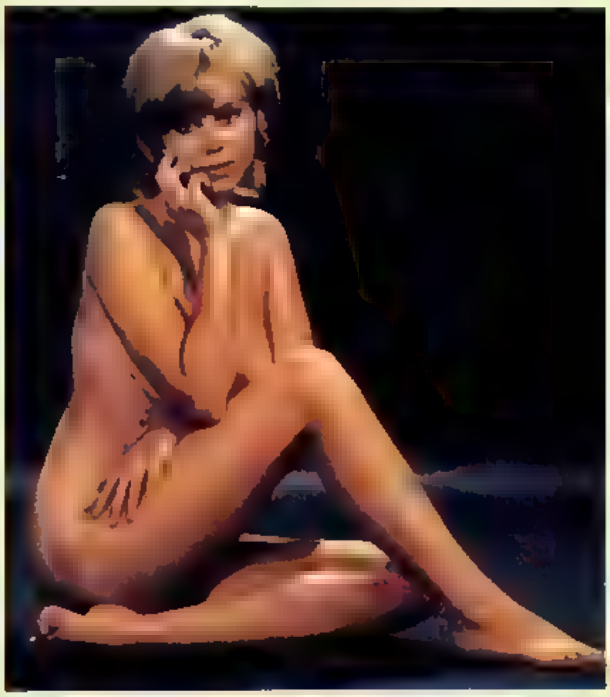
By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.





"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

Make [illegible] National Lampoon, Dept. [illegible], 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to National Lampoon.

Please enter my subscription for one year at the price of $9.95. That's a savings of $2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $4.05 on the newsstand price.

I prefer a two-year subscription at $13.75. That's a savings of $4.20 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $34.25 on the newsstand price.

Make that three-year subscription at $18.50. That's a savings of $6.45 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $53.50 on the newsstand price.

For each year add $5.00 for Canada, Mexico and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For even faster service call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31

Sirs:

I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

Make [illegible] National Lampoon, Dept. [illegible], 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to National Lampoon.

Please enter my subscription for one year at the price of $9.95. That's a savings of $2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of $4.05 on the newsstand price.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For even faster service call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31

"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

JUNE 2050

Jack C. Harris and Dick Giordano

SEVERAL MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY FROM THIS PLACE IS EARTH AND THERE AS HERE, IT IS JUNE 2050
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELVES.. THERE IS AN UNLIMITED ARRAY FROM WHICH TO SELECT.. AND SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED!
WE HAVE EASY CREDIT TERMS AND YOU CAN TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.
YES. YES.
WE'RE DELIGHTED. WE'LL TAKE THE FIRST ONE—THE ONE WITH THE YELLOW TOPPING!
EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT CHOICE!

THE HEAVY METAL BOOKSHELF

from [illegible] presents Moebius

ULYSSES
Cover price $6.95
Special now—$3.50!
Art and text by Lob and Pichard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.

CONQUERING ARMIES
Cover price—$4.95
Special now—$2.50!
The dream epic of fierce horsemen who never lost a battle and never won a war by French artist Lob, written by Jean-Pierre Dionnet.

THE BOOK OF ALIEN
Cover price $7.95
Special now—$3.95!
By Paul Scanlon. Designed by Michael Gross. Contains over 100 sketches, behind the-scenes photos, interviews and commentaries from the Twentieth Century-Fox thriller.

MORE THAN HUMAN
Cover price $8.95
Special now—$3.95!
Theodore Sturgeon's sf classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a superhuman by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities.

ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY
Cover price—$3.95
Special now—$1.95!
By Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostromo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien.

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD
Cover price $6.95
Special now—$2.95!
The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film *Barbarella* starring Jane Fonda.

MOEBIUS
Cover price—$2.95
Special now—$1.95!
Introduction by Federico Fellini. The career of Europe's premiere illustrator is examined, everything from "The Black Incal" to movie posters to his summer vacation to soft porn. The compendium of his work to date.

THE SWORDS OF HEAVEN, THE FLOWERS OF HELL
Cover price $6.95
Special now—$3.50!
Michael Moorcock's gothic adventure is illustrated by Howard Chaykin in brilliant full color, including an introduction by Moorcock himself.

LONE SLOANE —DELIRIUS
Cover price $8.95
Special now—$4.95!
The lush painting of Philippe Druillet with text by Lob and lettering by Dominique. Amat. Lone Sloane's adventures through time and space and the fantastic world of Delirius are presented for the first time in English, in full color.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 1182, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022
Please send me the *Heavy Metal* books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal* Books. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

Ulysses copies at $3.50 each
Conquering Armies copies at $2.50 each
The Book of Alien copies at $3.95 each
More Than Human copies at $3.95 each
Alien: The Illustrated Story copies at $1.95 each
Barbarella the Moon Child copies at $2.95 each
Moebius copies at $1.95 each
The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell copies at $3.50 each
Lone Sloane-Delirius copies at $4.95 each

Total amount enclosed: $_____

Name _____

Address _____

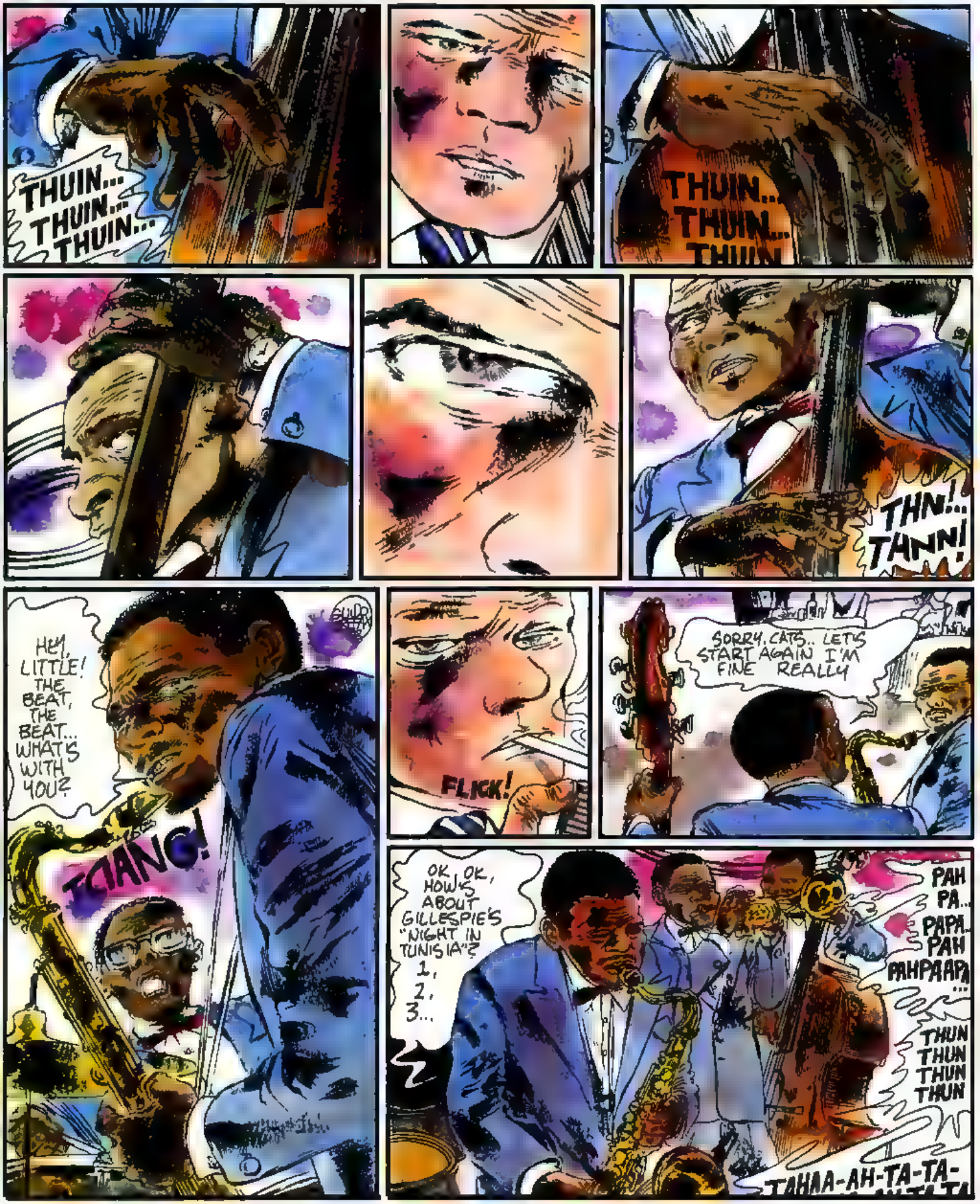
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

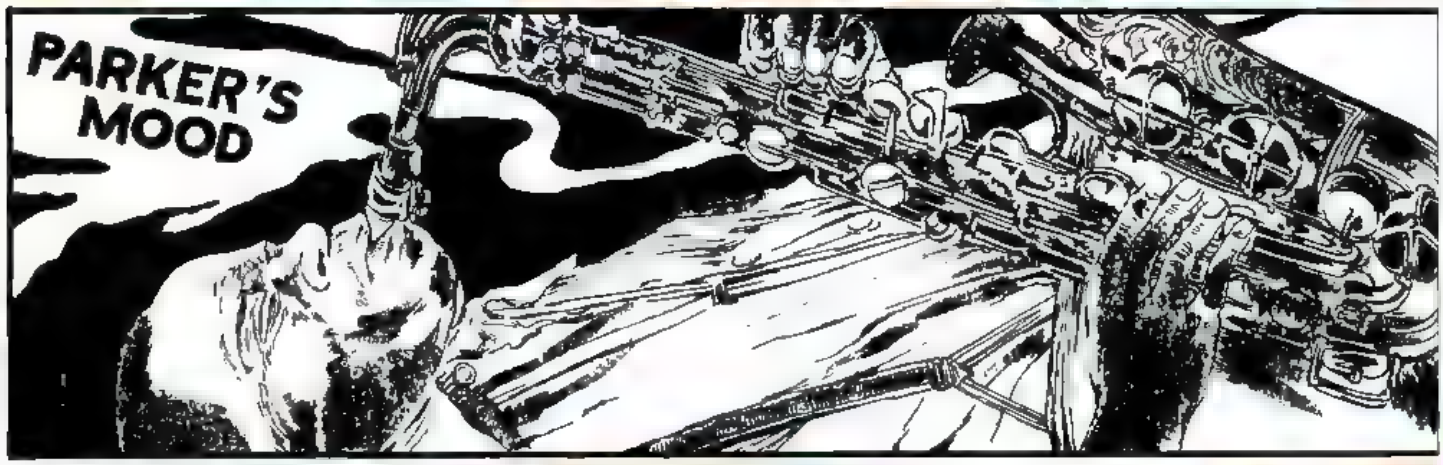
THE MAN FROM HARLEM

LAST WE READ, LITTLE JOHNNY LINCOLN, A JAZZ MUSICIAN, SAVED A YOUNG WOMAN FROM BEING KILLED BY A MOBSTER. THE FACTS BEHIND WHO SHE IS AND WHERE SHE CAME FROM ARE VERY SKETCHY THUS FAR

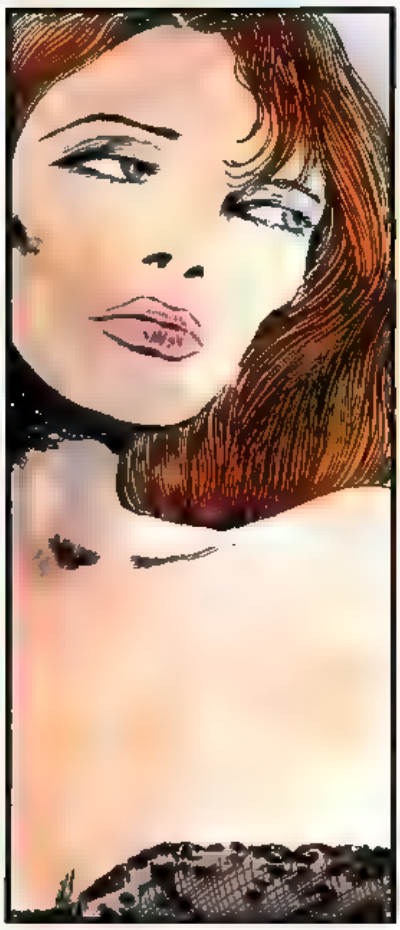


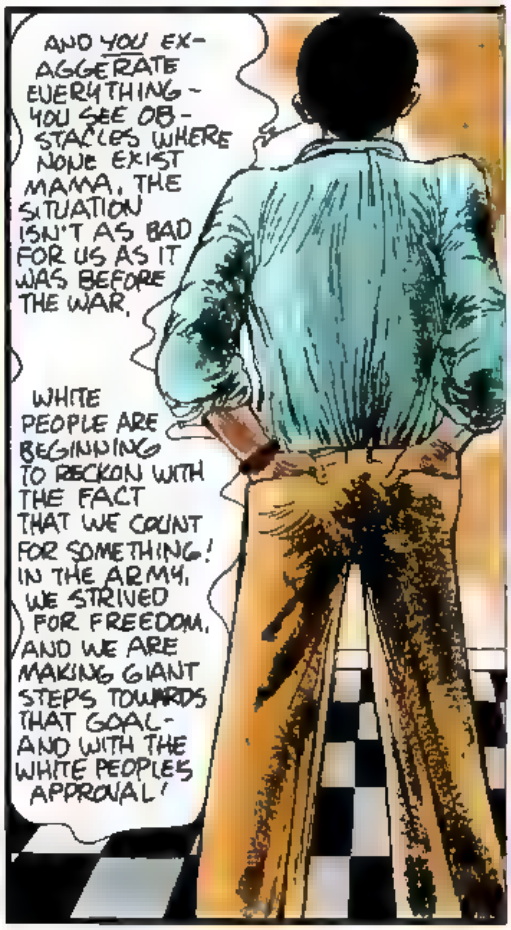
HI, MOM EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?
IT'S THAT GIRL! WHO IS SHE, ANYWAY?
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, LI'L?
ME?... NOTHING! THE GIRL JUST NEEDED HELP... THAT'S ALL!
I KNOW WHAT KIND OF HELP SHE NEEDS
THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS, MAMA. SHE REALLY IS IN DANGER. SHE WAS A WITNESS TO A CRIME..
AND THEY WANT TO SHUT HER UP... FOR GOOD!
BUT, LI'L... SHE'S WHITE!
A WHITE GIRL!
DON'T SHOUT, MAMA!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO KEEP A WHITE WOMAN?
BELIEVE ME, SON. WE CAN'T PERMIT OURSELVES TO BE CHARITABLE TO WHITE PEOPLE WE WON'T BE UNDERSTOOD — NOT BY THE WHITES.
NOT BY OUR OWN PEOPLE!

BUT I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY... NOT THE WHITES, NOR THE BLACKS!
IF YOU THROW POLLY OUT NOW, IT WILL BE THE DEATH OF HER!

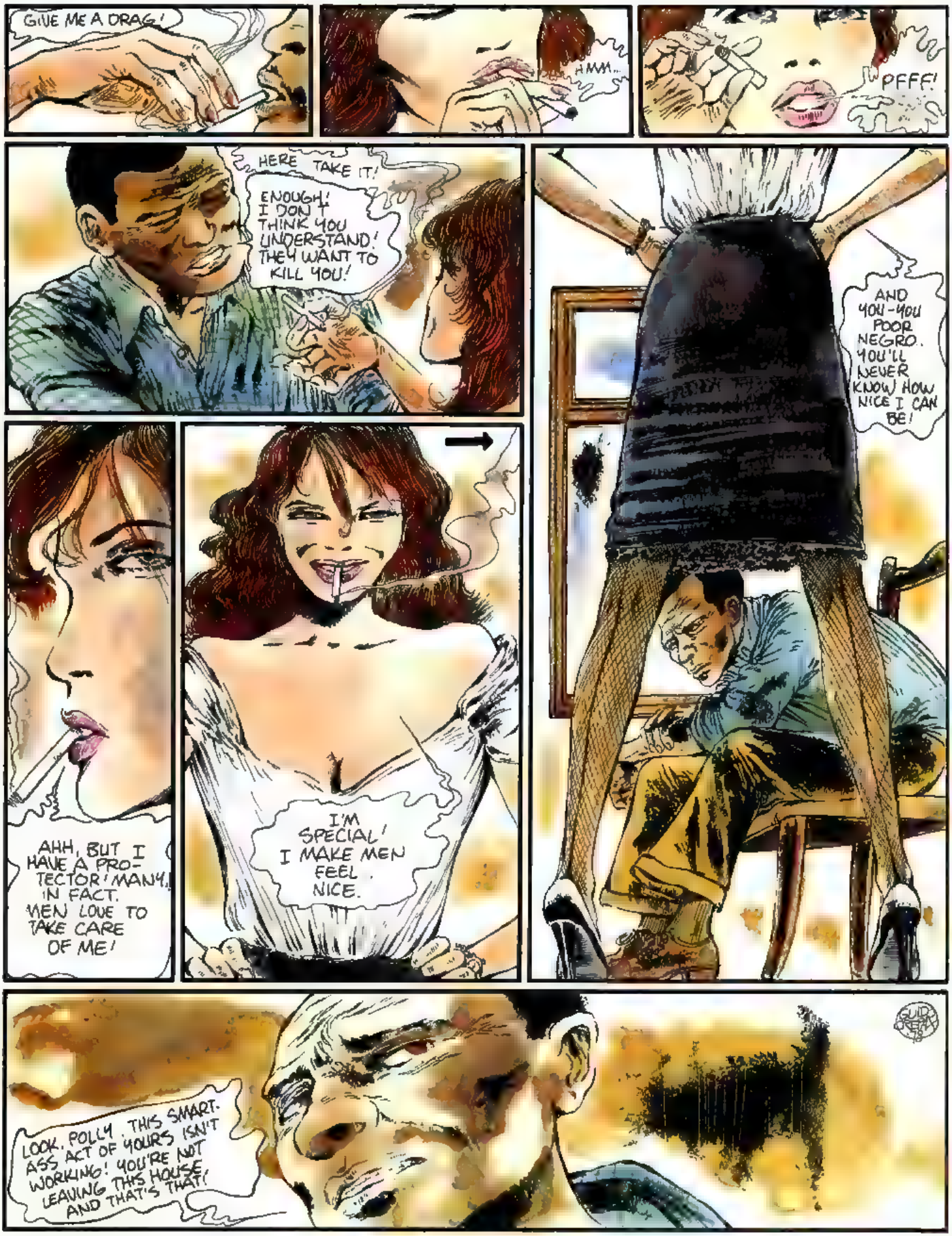

PARKER'S MOOD

WELL... ISN'T UNCLE RANDOLPH COMING BUT MAYBE HE CAN TAKE POLLY BACK WITH HIM TO NEW ORLEANS!
YOU MAKE EVERYTHING SOUND SO EASY! BELIEVE ME, I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST THAT WOMAN..
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO GET MESSED UP IN THIS




AND YOU EXAGGERATE EVERYTHING - YOU SEE OBSTACLES WHERE NONE EXIST MAMA. THE SITUATION ISN'T AS BAD FOR US AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR.
WHITE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO RECKON WITH THE FACT THAT WE COUNT FOR SOMETHING! IN THE ARMY, WE STRIVED FOR FREEDOM, AND WE ARE MAKING GIANT STEPS TOWARDS THAT GOAL - AND WITH THE WHITE PEOPLES APPROVAL!

FLICK!
UHMB!
YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT, LITTLE THOSE ARE LOVELY THOUGHTS, BUT I FEAR YOU ARE DREAMING.
WHITE PEOPLE WOULD NEVER EXCUSE YOU, AND NEITHER WOULD THE BLACKS
I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN TO EAVESDROP. I THINK IT'S BETTER THAT I LEAVE.
I WANT YOU TO STAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO..
YOU ARE THE KINDEST PERSON I'VE EVER MET..
AND I WON'T LET YOU RISK YOUR LIFE LIKE THIS!
BELIEVE ME...
WHAT I'M DOING IS THE RIGHT THING!
DON'T BLAME ME


GIVE ME A DRAG!
HMM...
PFFF!
HERE TAKE IT!
ENOUGH! I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND! THEY WANT TO KILL YOU!
AND YOU - YOU POOR NEGRO. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW NICE I CAN BE!
AHH, BUT I HAVE A PROTECTOR! MANY, IN FACT. MEN LOVE TO TAKE CARE OF ME!
I'M SPECIAL! I MAKE MEN FEEL NICE.
LOOK, POLLY. THIS SMART-ASS ACT OF YOURS ISN'T WORKING! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THIS HOUSE, AND THAT'S THAT!

FROM NOW ON, YOU ARE GOING TO DO WHAT I SAY!
GO TO YOUR ROOM, AND STAY THERE!
DAMNED WHORE!
SKROK!
SKROK!
ANOTHER HAIR DO
I'M REALLY IN A MESS. THIS GUY WANTS TO SAVE ME AT ANY PRICE BUT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO- I WISH I COULD HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH TO HIM. THOSE GUYS WEREN'T KIDDING! IF ONLY I COULD REACH JACKIE!
MAYBE HE COULD CONVINCE THEM THAT I WOULDN'T TALK!
IT'LL END BACK'N EVEN FOR LITTLE
OH SHIT! WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN H.M INTO?

PARAPRAPOR...
PARPRRP...
HELLO BOYS!...
"BARBADOS"
ONE... TWO... THREE...
TCHANG!
TCHANG!
OH..OH...
BOP
ASH...BOH
HAM...
BE BOP!
POP!
.....HA..AH!
ASH...BOHAM...!
TWING...
TWING...
TWING...
TRRRR...
TRRRR
PAM!
PAM!
HEY, JACKIE... HAVE YOU SEEN POLLY?
SHE'S OUT OF CIRCULATION YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY?
'CAUSE YOU AND YOUR BOYS SCARED THE HELL OUT OF HER!
LOOK, JACKIE.. IF YOU'RE TRYING TO PULL ONE OVER ON ME, YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE, TOO!
LOOK, ROY, I DON'T STICK MY NOSE IN YOUR BUSINESS, SO GET YOURS OUT OF MINE! LEAVE POLLY ALONE! SHE WON'T TALK! I PROMISE! AND MY WORD IS GOLDEN UNDERSTOOD?
TWING...
TWING...
TWING...
TWING...
TWING...
TW....ANG!
TWING!
TWING...
THAT GUY AGAIN?

MY HEAD IS KILLING ME! NO MAN SHOULD WORK UNTIL 6:00 A.M., NO MATTER HOW HUNGRY, NO MATTER HOW POOR!
HERALD TRIBUNE, PLEASE!
HMM..UMM.. "THE REPORTER KILLED ON THE 19TH OF JUNE WAS COVERING AN UNDERCOVER INVESTIGATION OF THE MOB. IT SEEMS HE WAS WITH A WOMAN AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH..."
"..BUT SHE IS UNAVAILABLE FOR QUESTIONING AT THIS TIME."
NELSON
HALF
LITTLE! WHAT TIME IS IT?

TO BE CONTINUED..

MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?
ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?...
NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?
ON THE DARK SIDES OF VARIOUS MOONS, ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT... IN BLACK OR RED?
HEAVY METAL
DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FIERCE DESERT WINDS ON FROZEN PLANETOIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR SILVER HEAVY METAL JACKET?
HEAVY METAL
DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO-OR MORE-ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?
WELL, IF NOT, WRAP YOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON. ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!
OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTERDAY!
HEAVY METAL
HEAVY METAL, DEPT 1082
635 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10022
PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS
_____ CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRTS ___ SMALL ___ MEDIUM ___ LARGE AT $6.00 EACH PLUS $1.50 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB SMITH

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM* :

Thank you for bringing on Mr. Bernı Wrightson! For years I have admired his art and style, and over those years have become a devoted Wrightson fan. His moods, eerie settings, and somewhat twisted, bizarre characters are a feast for the eyes. I am looking forward to each installment of "Freak Show" in *HM*

Carmen M. Imperato
Levittown, Pa.

Dear Ms. Simmons-Lynch:

It's nice to know that no matter how Reaganomic things get, there are still Reasons To Be Cheerful

1. Movies are better than ever
2. Nash the Slash drops into NYC occasionally
3. Mary Wilshire draws for *Heavy Metal.*

Nice magazine all around. More of the same, only more so!

Joey Cavalieri
New York, NY

Dear *HM* :

I like good art. "Starstruck" has good art. It looks a lot like Moebius art. Maybe Kaluta always draws like that, but it still looks like Moebius art (*Looks more like Windsor McKay to me.—ls*) Bernı Wrightson is not that good, of course. We know that now, having seen "Freak Show" and the *National Lampoon's Class Reunion* strip. But, he keeps busy. And that's fine. Everyone needs to be kept busy (*Hence this letter, eh?—ls*) Please explain: "['Rock Opera'] sums up the American sensibility of *HM* better than anything else in the magazine." (Chain Mail, November). (*I think it's a self-explanatory statement of my opinion.—ls*) Since I buy *HM* for its fantasy, I am not the least interested in anything "reflective of contemporary reality." I can get that from *Newsweek*. Anyway, satire cannot be satirized, which daytime TV is inadvertently. (*Ever hear of "Soap" and "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman?" —ls*) "Rock Opera" does not make me laugh a lot. And why be saddened or angered by someone not "digging" new wave stuff? Some folks "dig" *HM* comics but detest pop culture crapola a whole lot. And some very sane people (*I'm not going to touch this one.—ls*) fail to associate rock noise (it's not music, really) with sf/fantasy. But why be saddened/angered? (*Because smug, arrogantly narrow-minded people make me sad and angry.—ls*) Why not live and let live? It's really very easy. After all, some sf/fantasy lovers prefer, to rock, the Great Music (whatever it calls itself today), the so-called classics, Stravinsky, Shostakovitch, Mozart, Vivaldi, Mahler, Prokofiev, Beethoven. They like its intellect, its honesty. (*And also that it doesn't at all "reflect contemporary reality." See Greg Sandow's piece last issue.—ls*) To them, pop music is affectation, artifice, mass-produced, cookie-cutter junk food for the ear without soul. Noise for the plebian sensibilities. But they surely do like good sf/fantasy, like is served up in *HM.*

Frank Thring
Somewhere out West

Dear Editors:

In response to editorial comments in the September '82 issue, I feel that it is beneath the dignity of *HM* to insult its subscribers by calling them "meatheads," "clowns," and "buzzbrains," regardless of how inconsiderate the readers may be. Surely the editors must realize that *HM* readers are deeply concerned by what they perceive to be the decline and fall of a great magazine. If they sometimes express themselves by using bullying rhetoric and aggressive invectives, it's only because they/we are totally frustrated by the prospect of being thrown back into the great void that preceeded *HM*

Clay Green
Tuscon, Ariz.

The editors realize no such thing. I reserve insults for those I think deserve it—people who are ignorant of the realities of Big Time Magazine Publishing and insist on educating those of us who have to deal with it every day. Or those who want this magazine to meet their exact specifications, and will tolerate no deviations. Or those, like the next guy, who don't seem to know what the hell they want.—ls

Dear Ms. Simmons-Lynch:

I have been a faithful subscriber to *HM* since the first issue. While still a leader in adult fantasy, there's not enough Moebius (*Eight out of twelve issues in '82 not good enough for you?—ls*), Druillet (*Nine out of twelve, ditto?—ls*), and stories by new artists in the magazine. Your recent issues have strips that are too long or too short, and generally don't measure up to the quality of the first couple of years of *HM.* (*@#¢&*@' —ls*)

Charles N. Taylor
Greenfield, Mass.

HM :

Unlike many of your readers who assume in their letters that their ideas are representative of an entire slice of your readership, I will state that my views are given in my own personal interest, not in some holier-than-thou ideology concocted by witless assholes. Firstly, I am very pleased to see the content of *HM* improving once again. Nineteen eighty was a great year, but in 1981 I noticed a trend toward commercialism. I took it in stride, realizing that you must compete with other, trashier magazines. Even with such content, though, *HM* stood head-and-shoulders above all other magazines. It still had high quality printing, and (of course) "Rock Opera." I am overwhelmed to see your content returning to what I look for: experimentation and surreality, as well as good adult humor. Rather than attempt to write a book on the subject of what I look for, I will give some examples. It was fantastic to see Ron Post back! Anthony Scibelli's "The Messerschmitt Attack" (June) was one of the best new comics in ages. Nicole Claveloux always impresses me, as does Enki Bilal.

Would you like to take my order? More of the same, make it a double!

Erik Slaine
Napa, Calif.

Dear Julie:

It's certainly quite difficult to make a comic magazine for adults, especially if it's supposed to appeal to intelligent, mature adults, and not just to people over eighteen with a retarded psychological make-up. You are even expected to help surpass a circulation of a quarter million copies each month, and there simply aren't that many real adults in the whole USA, who are interested in graphic story entertainment. But don't rest on your laurels. Even within the boundaries of the demands of commercial success, there is still room for improvement.

For example, your current Wrightson series looks to me like Bernı desperately needed money, so he got together with Bruce Jones to produce something stereotyped enough to meet the expectations of most Wrightson fans. It doesn't look like his heart was in it. This kind of story is no challenge for him any more, no inspiration for his creativity; it's just repertoire stuff.

Fernandez's "Zora" has aesthetically satisfying art with clever combinations of different drawing and painting techniques, but the model-like nudes are copied, undoubtedly, from various skin mags. The main problem is the story. Impossible to read, so I just glance at the art.

To sum things up: try to look around for the best talents available anywhere (yes, you already partly succeed at this). If you educate the taste of your readers in a careful step-by-step program, more and more will be able to tell the difference between trash and quality. Tolerance, as I understand it, does not automatically and cogently lead to the renunciation of valuation altogether. But it forces you to be patient with those who have not yet developed the same level of insight. I trust you to continue on the right way with *HM* You'll give your share to help further develop graphic story as a form of art, because you care, I'm sure.

Hans Behlendorff
Munich, West Germany

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL '77. SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts 'Roger' the paranoid puppet, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's Rockblitz,' highly praised 'Shells," beginning of Davis's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: Arzach," part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of Sunpol.

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart' and "Den continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77. Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera, plus more. World Apart, "Den,' and "Polonius.

#7/OCTOBER '77. Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage, Den and Polonius back again, yet more.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart.'

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet. 'Fortune's Fool' by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Caveloux and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78. Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies concludes, 'Den' continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al.

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling Orion debuts, courtesy of Gray Morrow, more 'Barbarella,' Urm and Den.

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: 'Urm the Mad' waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human,' is illustrated more 'Barbarella,' and the origins of 'Heliman.'

#16/JULY '78: 'A happy ending for Barbarella'" a sad ending for 1996'" resumption of Druillet's Gail, more 'Heilman,' 'Orion,' 'More Than Human,' and Corben's Arabian Nights.

#17/AUGUST '78. SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: 'Exterminator 17,' Ellison's illustrated 'Glass Goblin,' debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus usual.

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin 'Empire,' more 'Sindbad,' 'Exterminator,' Major Grubert,' Heilman's final rebirth, more.

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stockings full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's 'Tarot,' and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's 'Sindbad,' McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus Moebius, Bilal and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," 'Starcrown II,' and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79. SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated Alien.

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's 'Zooks' premieres. Corben's 'Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with 'New Ark City,' plus Mayerik, Suydam, 'Galactic Geographic,' Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric,' 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named 'Elvis,' and 'Little Red V-3'" alongside Monlellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben's 'Rowlf,' Bodé's 'Zooks,' Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin's 'The Stars My Destination,' Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus 'Gnomes' and 'Giants.'

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben's 'Rowlf,' and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Courant cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations.'

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue. 32 pages of 'Champakou' in living color, final installment of Moebius's 'Airtight Garage,' plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou' reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never [illegible].

#39/JUNE '80: 'Champakou' meets his fate, while 'Captain Sternn' saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80: 'The Alchemist Supreme' continues. Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky. Bilal's 'Progress' begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave.'

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with the 1st installment of 'Salammbo,' while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed). Bilal continues 'Progress!'

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's 'Progress!' picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet.

#43/OCTOBER '80: Special [illegible] SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Caveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett and Bilal.

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's 'Illustrated Bloodstar,' Crepax's "Valentina" and Godard and Ribera's 'What Is Reality, Papa?' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog,' 'Rock Opera' and Moebius.

#46/JANUARY '81: [illegible]nation returns with [illegible]n Wood makes [illegible] Bang, [illegible] Godard and [illegible] "Rock Opera" [illegible] tells us 'There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon.' SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S. Burroughs discusses 'Civilian Defense,' while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself!

#48/MARCH '81: 'Tex Arcana,' John Findley's epic Western, be-

Photography: Bob Smith

g ns. What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's c assic *Salammbo* ends. Plus, Harlan E ison's ever time y ess say on violence in America.

#49/APRIL '81: Art and the Naz s. Corben s Bloodstar. Gimenez s Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North s "Stories from London, and an interview w th Julio Ribera. Di n't th nk we could do it in one shot, did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin s Cody Starbuck' and Bilal s "The Immortals Fête' Plus Suydam s The Toll Bridge" and W liam S Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko s adaptation of *Outland* pre m eres. Howarth s Changes winds up. Plus Caza, Chaykin, Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terr fies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore s fantast c pinup girl wraps it a l up.

#53/AUGUST '81: [illegible] on the Imm[illegible]rt of the Corb[illegible] 6 page pu lo[illegible] *Heavy Meta[illegible]*

SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: [illegible]orben s [illegible]n Ape [illegible]'s origin view [illegible] masters of horror.

SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81: Shakespeare for Americans" 1st ep sode of Segre les s 'Mercenary' a gallery sect on devoted to Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Bi al and Steranko.

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronaton s Egg of the World,' Jeff Jones Segrelles and Bilal al frame the art of Jeo and D ane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segre les and Corben. Plus odd ending to "The Immortals Fete."

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue ncludes Arno Lou stal, Voss, Hé and Gillon and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chadnow and Balfour. Al surrounded by Chaykin and S monson, Segrel es, Steranko, et al.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Beg ns with a further adventure of John Difool n "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin s "Gideon Faust" gets going — again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schu ten, et a.

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Matena s "A Life n the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garc a s "Nova 2" begins. E lott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary" "Den" Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy.

#61/APRIL '82: Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of mate rial. What with Claveloux, Dru llet, Moebius, Bilal and an essay on J G Ballard, you'l be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: In th s issue, we give you the 1st part of David Black s "Third Sexua Revolution" and et you look at "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: We proudly bring you our Fantastic C t es issue. With artists Voss, Caza, Scibe li, and R Crumb, A l surrounded by regulars Dru llet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez. Enjoy.

#64/JULY '82: Marce e and La come s strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben s *Flights into Fantasy*. Part 2 of Black s "Third Sexual Revolution." Plus Jones, Garcia, Druillet, etc.

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly pre sent Jones and Wrightson s "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara s "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: We give you Hecht's Music-Video Interface, Lupoff's "Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard, etc.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You ll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. It has everyth ng from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don t read t alone! P.S. Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Ka uta's "Starstruck." Findley s "Tex Arcana" continues as do "Den II" and "Yragael." Plus a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon s Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog" and Mark Fisher s "Amino Men." Plus our regulars Corben, Fernandez and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: We bring the strange conclus on to Wrightson s "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal* and our regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc. Happy reading.

HEAVY METAL

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Beautiful Binders

For just $5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black Naugahyde binder with silver letters, for just $5.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, are $26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!

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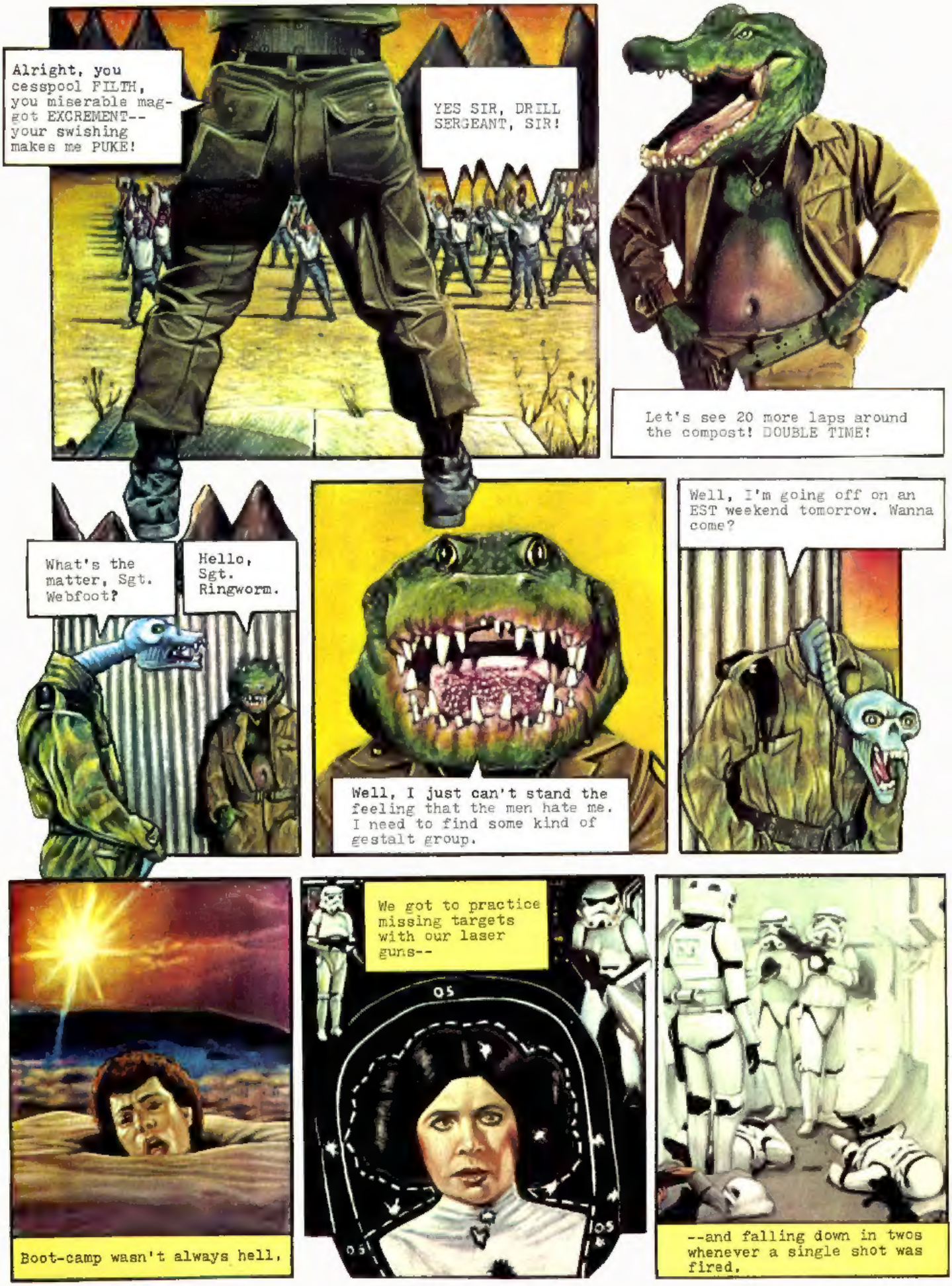
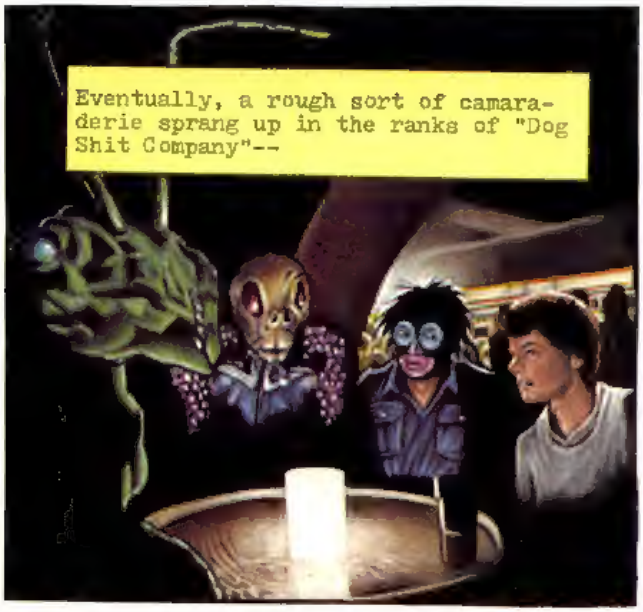
Alriiiight, you PANSIES! Hands off your cocks and pull up your socks.
I'm sick and tired hearing you complain that you don't get enough bare assed broads and blood'n' guts type action in this comic strip!
You want adventure, huh? Wanna see the universe? Well, I'm turning you motherlovers into real he-men, and this strip into
SERGEANT ROCK OPERA!

Com--pan--nee--Huh--March!
There's an alien being on my left--YOUR RIGHT! There's a green bug-eyed thing on my right--YOUR LEFT!

SOUND OFF! LEFT-RIGHT!
SLIMEMOLD! TREE FROG!
LEFT, RIGHT, MIDDLE....
STUMBLE!
The middle cadence step (for tripeds) tripped our company up every time.

Once nestled in the lap of luxury aboard the "Love Craft," Marty and I had been drafted--
--And sent to Barrakis, the infamous boot camp planet of the Imperial Star Guards.
After lights out, we met in the latrine to discuss our situation.
I've got to get out of here, pal--I can't march another step, and the food... gag me with a spoon.
Come on, Marty--the cultured rat-waste isn't so bad....
That's easy for you to say. I was headed to the top. I could have been the inter-stellar Gabe Kaplan--I had the medallions!
Poor Marty. The days crawled by in an agonizing blur of drilling and Pillage & Plunder practice--punctuated by the roar of Sgt. Webfoot....


Alright, you cesspool FILTH, you miserable maggot EXCREMENT-- your swishing makes me PUKE!
YES SIR, DRILL SERGEANT, SIR!
Let's see 20 more laps around the compost! DOUBLE TIME!
What's the matter, Sgt. Webfoot?
Hello, Sgt. Ringworm.
Well, I just can't stand the feeling that the men hate me. I need to find some kind of gestalt group.
Well, I'm going off on an EST weekend tomorrow. Wanna come?
Boot-camp wasn't always hell.
We got to practice missing targets with our laser guns--
--and falling down in twos whenever a single shot was fired.

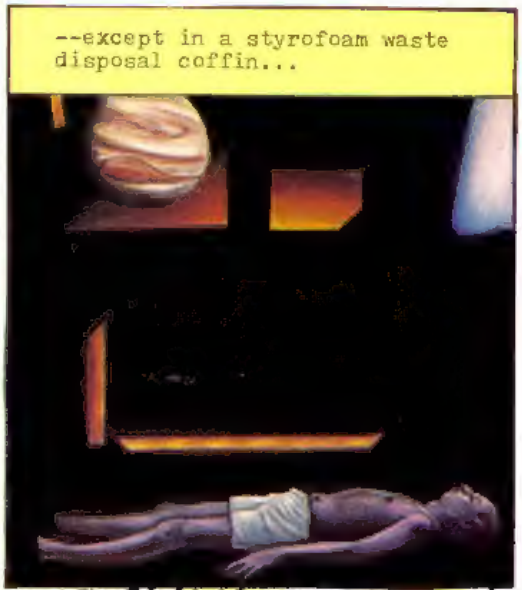


There was "Bug-face," for example--a big, lovable, brainless lunk from Betegeuse...

"Four-eyes," a long-haired, intellectual type...

...And of course, "The Kid." Every company had a "kid."

By night, Death-Sats patrolled the mottled desert sky. There could be no escape from this planet for any of us--



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To be continued...

the bus

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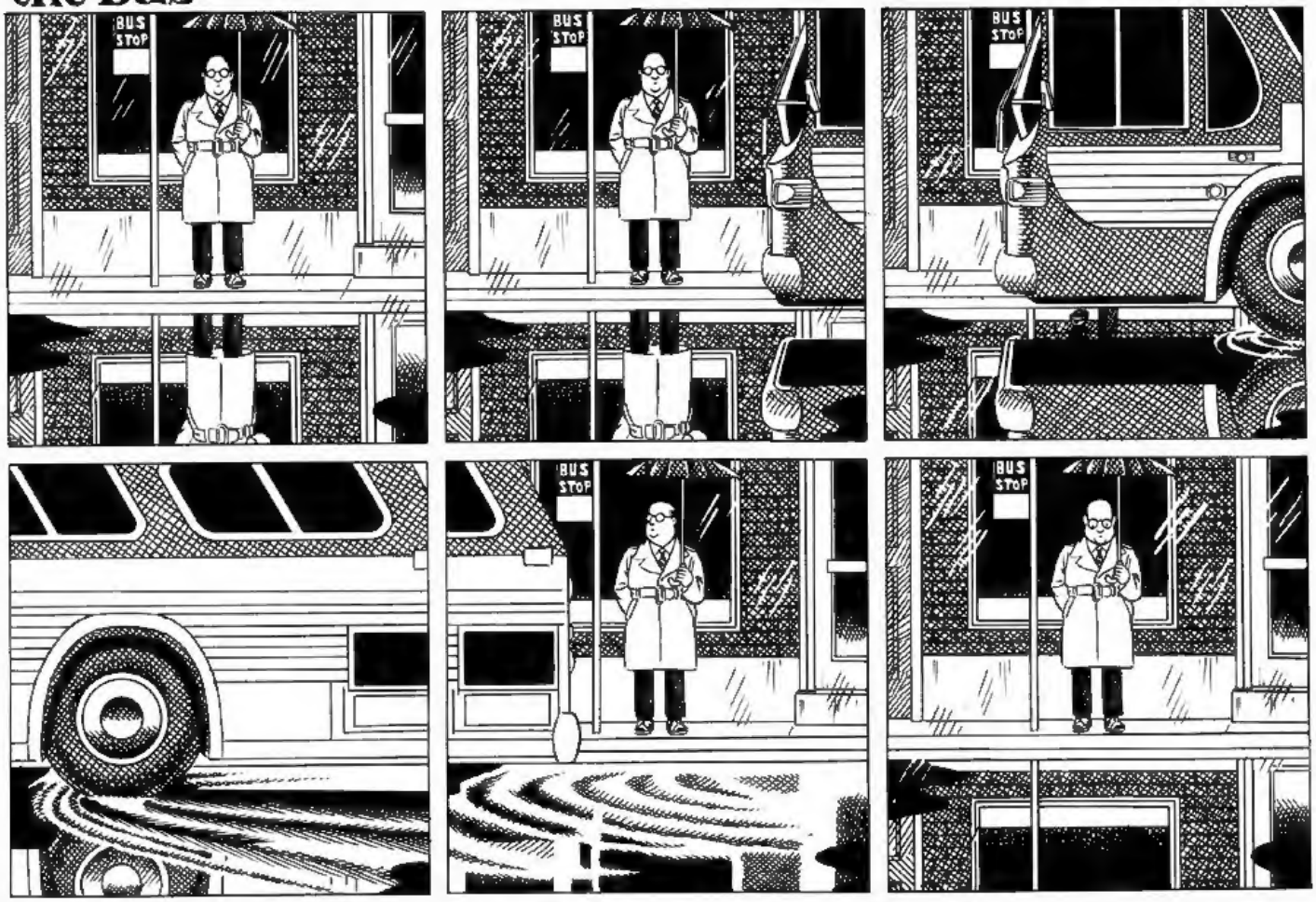

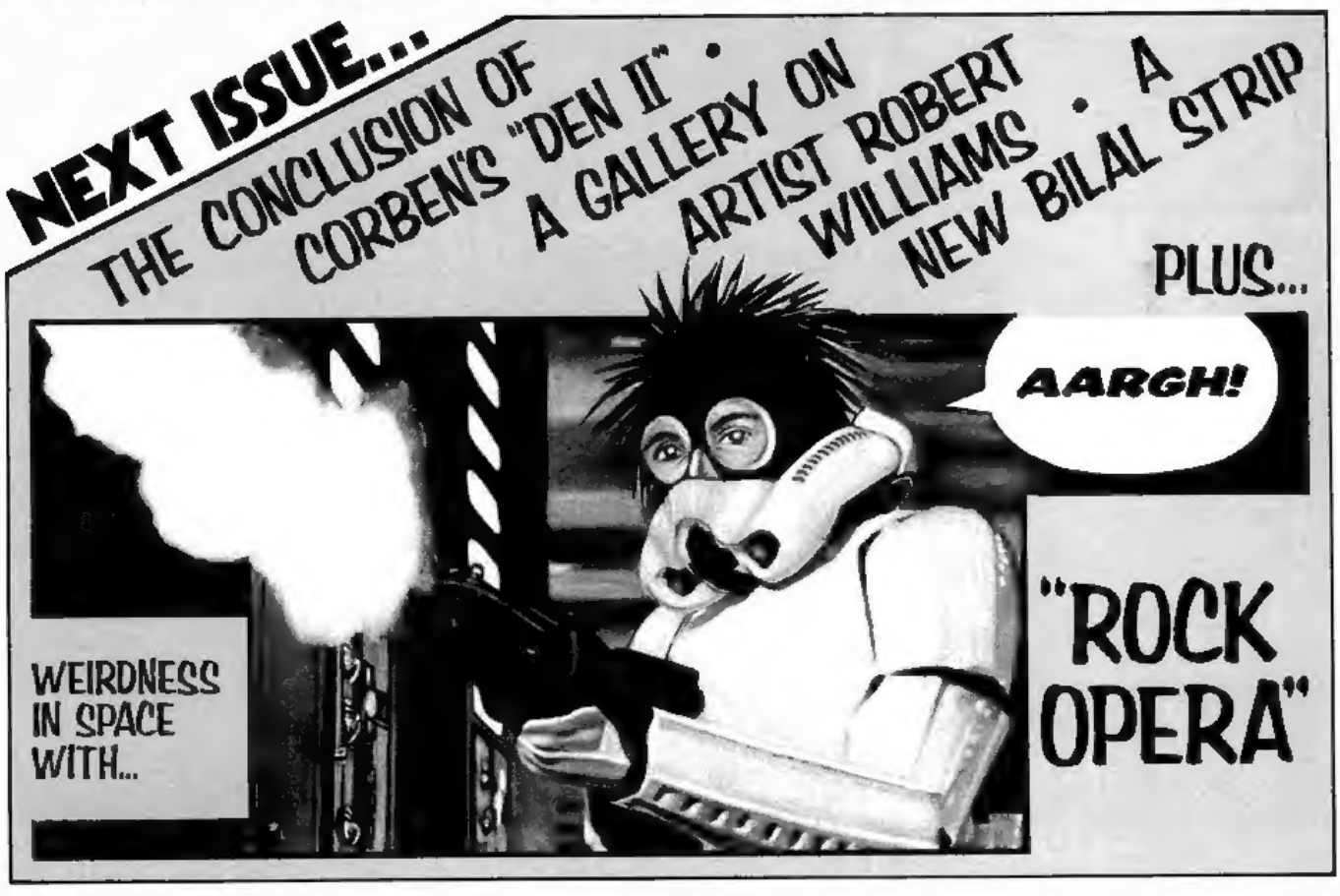
NEXT ISSUE...
THE CONCLUSION OF CORBEN'S "DEN II" • A GALLERY ON ARTIST ROBERT WILLIAMS • A NEW BILAL STRIP
PLUS...
AARGH!
WEIRDNESS IN SPACE WITH...
"ROCK OPERA"